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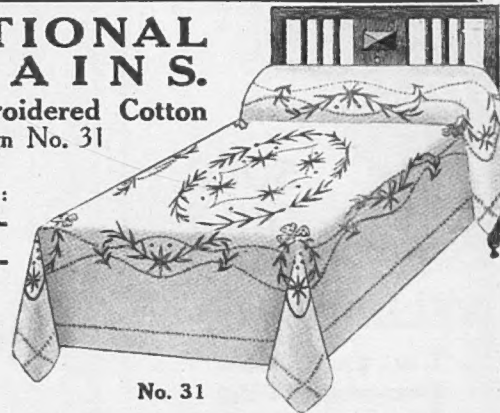
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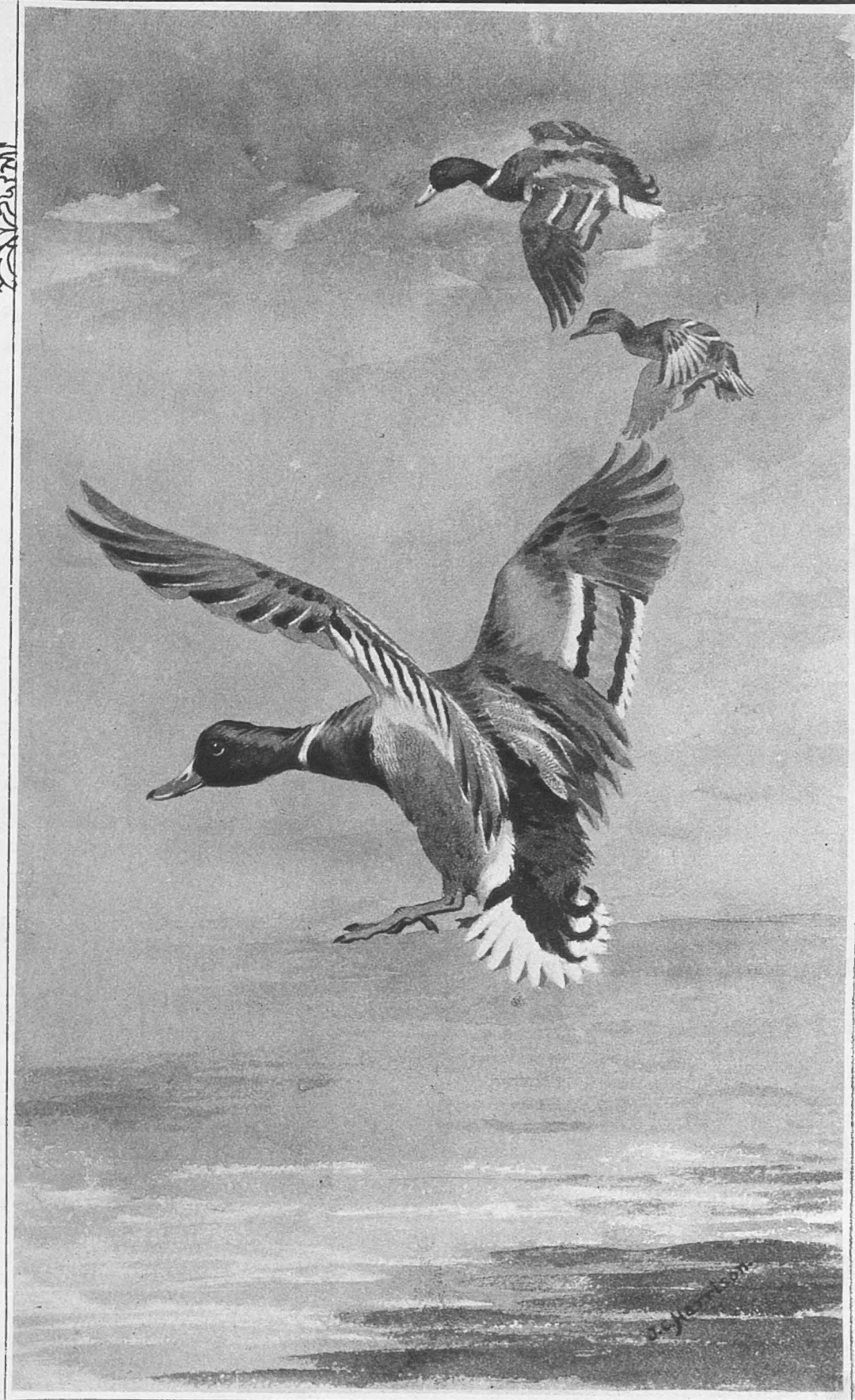
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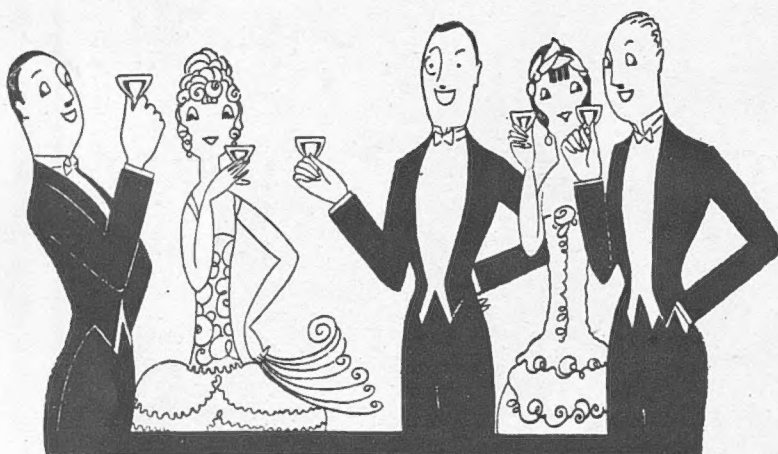
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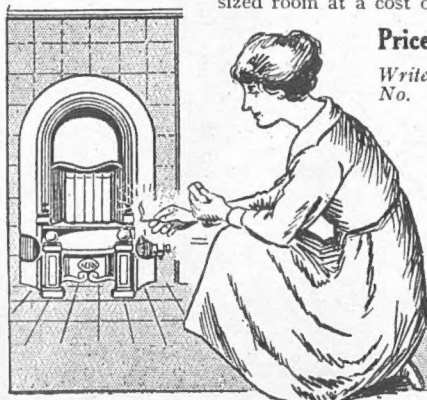
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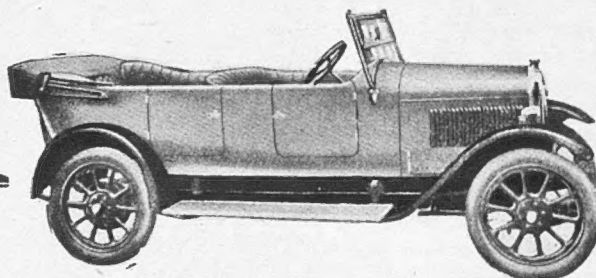
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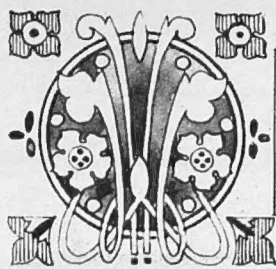
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No. 1615—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



THE HARLEQUIN OF THE NEW YEAR: Mlle. YVONNE PRINTEMPS.

Sacha Guitry's new theatre was opened the other day. It is called the Théâtre de l'Étoile, and is a pretty little playhouse, with a seating capacity for 700 persons. "L'Accroche-Cœur" is written by the great

Sacha, and is in his lightest vein; his wife, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, plays the leading part, that of a French demi-mondaine. She first appears before the curtain, however, dressed as a Harlequin presenting the new theatre.

Photograph by Abbé.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT FOOD.

I MAKE no apology for talking about food so soon after Christmas. If you had too much, that was your own fault. After reading this brief talk, you will never again eat too much on Christmas Day or any other day.

I hope.

Food is one of the three great topics of the world. The other two are drink and money.

Women still think that men in clubs tell each other naughty stories, and talk, generally, about women. They don't. They talk about money, and about food and drink in relation to health.

Monotonous? Perhaps. But what about the sunrise and the sunset? What about the daily round? All monotonous. Even the circulation of the blood is monotonous. Yet you encourage it to continue.

My attention has been directed to food by a writer whom I respect and admire—Dean Inge.

Dean Inge used to be known as the "Gloomy Dean." He made up his mind to live this down, so he told a lot of quite amusing stories about school-boy and undergraduate howlers, and had himself photographed smiling. The popular papers gradually left off calling him the gloomy dean.

But the weather round about Christmas and the New Year was too much for this rather ghastly cheeriness, and when somebody sent him a book by an American called "The Passing of the Great Race," the Dean threw away the smile for publication and was at last himself again.

The object of the American book was to point out that if the population of the world went on increasing at the present rate, and if nobody discovered some sort of artificial sustenance, the world's food supply would give out in thirty years from to-day.

The Dean's article was published on December 27 in the *Evening Standard*, and I appreciate the sense of humour which pervades the editorial department of that journal. December 27 was the precise day for the printing of this article. When the animal is well gorged, then let him reflect. The animal will never reflect whilst hungry.

You may say, "Oh, but there are millions of acres of land in all parts of the world not yet under cultivation. As the demand for food increases, those acres will be cultivated and all will still be well."

That is just where the Dean has you on the hip. He has discovered from Mr. Madison Grant's book—or he may have known it before, but I somehow don't think he did—

that not so very much more of the world is fit for cultivation.

He gives you a list of the countries which at present can afford to export food, and then shows that none of these countries will be able to export food in thirty years' time. And what will the robin do then, poor thing?

Take Russia, as Mr. Lloyd George is so fond of largely saying. Take the United

its own food except chilled reindeer, which does not sound hysterically jolly.

Australia cannot cultivate its middle. In thirty years you will get no more food from Australia.

India may or may not continue to send us food. It is a political question, and barred in non-political columns.

South America is the only hope, and the Dean gives South America fifty years at the most as a food-exporting country.

The question therefore arises, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to restrict the population, or are we all going to starve?

Well, I think we have long since left off ringing the bells for mad joy when Mrs. A., whose husband is a drunken labourer out of work, enriches the world with four at a birth.

I talked about this, shaking my bells vigorously to disguise the seriousness of the subject—which deceives many, bless 'em!—weeks ago. I pointed out that when the Psalmist said, "Happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them," the emphasis should be laid on the "quiver," quivers in the days of the Psalmist varying in size according to the means and status of the owner. The Psalmist meant that when the quiver was full—well, that would do.

There is one other solution of the food problem which is not hit upon by the Dean. We might all eat less.

I read a book the other day in which a gentleman contracted a fatal disease because he did not eat enough.

All rubbish. For one man who dies from not eating enough, ten thousand die from eating too much.

Nothing is more appalling than a menu of eight, ten, or twelve courses. No man or woman needs more than one dish for a meal. It always astounds me that people can eat as heartily when they get to the sweets as they did when they began dinner.

Personally, I am finished with the soup.

It will have to come to one individual one dish. We must ration our food—not as we did in the war, when food, like everything else, was wasted, but reasonably and scientifically.

With apologies to the Dean, I see no cause for gloom. The Japanese do very well on rice. A large number of flappers in this country live entirely on chocolates.

Meat for males, sweets for females, and milk for babes. That is how we shall solve the food problem—always bearing in mind what the Psalmist really meant about that misleading quiver.



TWO PETER PANS: MISS PAULINE CHASE AND HER DAUGHTER ANN.

At the "Peter Pan" Children's Fancy Dress Party at Claridge's in aid of the Barnardo Homes, Miss Pauline Chase, in her original Peter Pan costume, was a judge of the costumes. With her was her little daughter Ann in similar dress.—[Photograph by C.N.]

States. Take Canada. Take Australia. Take India. Take the Argentine.

Having taken them, what are you going to get out of them?

Russia will be able to export wheat for thirty years. No more.

The United States has almost reached the point when they will export no more food.

Canada is subject to summer frosts. In thirty years Canada will be consuming all

Switzerland's Most Powerful Rival: The Riviera Season.



Mrs. Hector Greenfield.



The Earl of Ypres, Lady Wavertree & Mrs Percy Bennett. (1)



The Countess of Cottenham



The Duke of Westminster & Mrs. Satterthwaite



General E. L. Spears M.P.



Lord & Lady Waleran & members of the Garden Club in the lounge.



Lord Waleran & members of the Garden Club.

Mrs. Percy Bennett is the wife of the newly appointed Minister to Venezuela (who up to recently was Minister to Panama and Costa Rica), and is the mother of Mrs. Guy Wyndham.—Lady Wavertree is the wife of the first Lord Wavertree, and the second daughter of Thomas Brinsley Sheridan, J.P., D.L., of Frampton Court, Dorchester.—The Countess of Cottenham is the widow of the fourth Earl, whom she married, as his second wife, in 1916, and the daughter of the late Humphry Burke, of

Galway and California.—The Duke of Westminster, who is a very keen lawn-tennis player, is here seen with Mrs. Satterthwaite, the celebrated lady player.—General E. L. Spears, M.P., is the Liberal Member for Loughborough.—Lord and Lady Waleran have just started a club, which was opened by the Duke of Connaught informally the other day. Lord Waleran was created a Baron in 1905. Formerly he was William Hood Walrond, P.C., the second Baronet.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

THE New Year's arrival seemed to be treated in but two ways in London: one was to do it quietly in your own home; the other to go to a restaurant and be tremendously jolly over it. The Ritz had its celebration down in the ball-room, where the New Year was heralded by Scotch pipers, who skirled round the grill-room with nearly everyone following in their wake. Some of my friends were tremendously pleased with the scented and tasselled bracelets which they received as souvenirs. Lord Castlerosse

functions then, but were practically confined to artists. This has, however, been changed, and now the ball is undoubtedly one of the events of the winter. Whether this is an improvement or not depends upon whether one's tastes are Bohemian or conventional.

The costumes are, on the whole, both richer and duller; but then everything seems conventionalised in the art world, and not only at the Chelsea Arts Ball. Even the great Augustus John, Chelsea's great man, has become less picturesque in his appearance: gone are the earrings and the flowing locks; and if he still looks impressive, that is entirely due to nature and not to art!

But, to return to the Chelsea Arts Ball, there was, as usual, such a crush that it was difficult to see who was there, but I did notice Lord and Lady Milford Haven. She was dressed in a pale mauve-and-green trousered costume that was, I think, a fancy student's kit. Lord Milford Haven wore a handsome black-and-gold double-tiered cloak. Lord and Lady Leigh were there, and Colonel Lord Gore, as well as Lord and Lady Terrington, whose coming political responsibilities do not appear to have affected her good spirits. Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Ivor Novello were also present with a party.

Christmas is over, and still, sad to say, there is not better news from the Shires. What a winter! Surely there never was its

equal; and there are horrid rumours about that, unless the restrictions *re* the cattle plague are altered, several of the M.F.H.s intend "roughing up" the hunt horses, and giving up all attempts to hunt this season. I suppose it is the only thing for us to do, unless things improve.

All those able to do so have left Leicestershire and have swarmed to other packs, but are not always over-welcome, owing to the huge crowds. The Pytchley announced that no further visitors would be allowed, in consideration of the farmers, the "cap" being suspended.

Really, it has been beyond a joke lately. At Cold Ashby the other day about six hundred mustered at the meet. The hounds could not do much, as the scent was poor and the foxes twisted about the Hemphoe Hills, the huge "field" fairly ploughing up some pastures which had to be crossed two or three times.

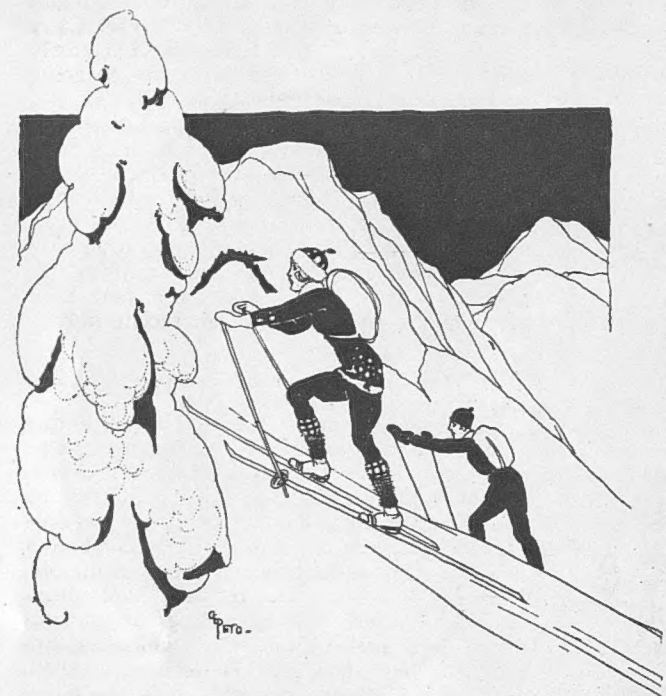
The prohibition of visitors, however, was soon unnecessary, as the sad fate of the

neighbouring packs has now overtaken the Pytchley.

As the disease has broken out at Welford, Northamptonshire is now also out of bounds, but these hounds had a most wonderful hunt from the meet at Brockhall. They found a stout fox almost at once, and they ran over a fine line of country to Dodford Holt, on the Stowe Wood, and across the Litchborough Valley, killing their fox, at the end of three hours' hard hunting, at Stoke Bruin—a thirteen-mile point, and more as the hounds ran. Not for many years can anyone remember such a run. It is something to think of for the rest of one's life, as all said who "lived" to the finish.

The Everdon Brook brought disaster to many early in the hunt; and as the horses got more and more weary, people were rolling about like ninepins in every direction; but all agreed that the few tumbles and bruises were ample recompensed. Congratulations to Freeman, that fine and gallant huntsman.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have gone down to the Sunny South for a bit, but hope to get some hunting on their return, provided the restrictions are modified or removed. Before their departure they took Mrs. Mynors' house at Melton, and Lady Ursula Grosvenor comes down there sometimes



1. The first day Angela arrived in Switzerland she was so much invigorated by the beautiful air she was sure she could never feel tired again. She spent hours doing this kind of thing. . . .

was entertaining friends, and Lord and Lady Terrington had a party of ten or twelve. Lady Cunard was to have a few people to dine, but put it off at the last minute.

Talking of Lady Cunard reminds me that she has given up 5, Carlton House Terrace, and is staying at the Ritz. She has had Lady Caledon's house for the last four years, but now she is once again homeless. I don't think she has ever had her own house in London, for, as far as I remember, she first made her appearance in the social world when she was staying at Claridge's; then she took the Asquiths' house in Cavendish Square, and afterwards migrated to Lord Charles Montagu's in Grosvenor Square. When that was sold to Lord Cable, Lady Cunard took Lady Caledon's house until the other day.

Lady Warrender has had a busy time since the Election, and has been doing her duty nobly at Grantham, which is her husband's constituency. She attended the Farmers' Ball before going to pay a visit to Lady Holford; and, after staying over the New Year at Westonbirt, she and Sir Victor went to Grantham for the Hospital Ball.

In those far-away days before the war when the Chelsea Arts Ball first started, they were much smaller; Covent Garden was large enough to hold them, though it was a tight fit, and they were not such smart



2. . . . And occasional moments in doing this. . . .

for odd days, which can be got on the far side of the Belvoir and Cottesmore.

It is simply sickening, and Melton is terribly hard hit this year. The trades-people

are losing thousands, and very little entertaining goes on, as the Members' Dances are stopped till hunting starts again; but the last one was quite a gay little affair. Mrs. Dick Fenwick, who is running them so well this year, brought Lady Irene Curzon, Major and Lady Eileen Clarke, the young

Ball will be held on the 15th. Few people are aware that the Dukes of Northumberland have the right of burial in Westminster Abbey, and for generations they have been interred in a vault there originally owned by the Dukes of Somerset, in the Chapel of St. Nicholas.



3. . . . Followed by a short time spent on the rink.

Greenalls, Major Tommy Graves, the "Mike" Wardells, and lots of others turned up, including Lady Kathleen Rollo and her husband. How pretty she is, how well she rides astride, and how suitably and becomingly she dresses.

In these days of difficult housekeeping it seems as if Sir Malcolm and Lady Hilda Murray have solved the problem, anyway for themselves; for they have the Master of Elibank and the Hon. Mrs. Gideon Murray staying with them at Fort Belvedere, Sunningdale, on a co-operative arrangement, and I believe it is working very well indeed. Some few years ago they had a similar arrangement at the Edgar Speyer mansion in Grosvenor Street, when Sir Ernest and Lady Constance Hatch and another couple joined forces with the Murrays. Under this system every detail of household expenditure is very carefully gone into and then divided up.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry are still busy with the coming-of-age affairs of Lord Castlereagh. Some of the most attractive of the festivities were those at Mount Stewart, where the arrival of "The Family" produces much the same sensation as that of the Court at Windsor or Balmoral. Lord Londonderry's wealth from coal makes him almost independent of agricultural difficulties; and if he is not actually King of Down, he is most certainly King in Down.

The sudden death of Lord Jersey was a great blow to his wife and family. Lady Jersey has changed very little since the day when, as Lady Cynthia Needham, she married the then Viscount Villiers, fifteen years ago. She is a sister of Lord Kilmorey, and her mother was a Miss Assheton-Smith, the heiress to a large fortune.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are still at Alnwick Castle, where the Hunt

Did I tell you that H. G. Wells is off to Portugal for what remains of the winter? His pneumonia last year was more severe than most of us guessed, and he has been advised that he must escape our cold weather. He has been learning Portuguese for the trip, and practised stray phrases on restaurant waiters.

I saw him with a small schoolboy at the circus the other day, and then again at the Scientific Exhibition at King's College. It was really amusing to see how politely they expressed their interest in the circus to one another, and how at the University show they were really so interested that they didn't need to remind one another of it.

Finding who's who in the latest novels is quite a game of the moment among those who pride themselves on knowing everybody. "Antic Hay" started



4. And nobody wants to go to bed in the beautiful Swiss air. This is how Angela spent the night, of course.

it off; then Shane Leslie's "Doomsland," with its clever catalogue of Irish celebrities, continued it; and now another book to which people are trying to fit names is Mary Borden's "Jane—Our Stranger," which is only for scratch players at the game, as its characters are of the real Paris.

A great crowd at the private view of the Pastel Society's show in the Royal Institute Galleries, and more pastels than I thought existed in the whole of the world! Quite the best, I thought, was Mrs. Sutro's drawing of a house near Aix-les-Bains, which was charming. Too many of the others looked like spoiled works which would have been better done in other mediums—some of the portraits, for instance. Perhaps the powdery surface of pastel isn't important enough and hasn't the right texture for portraits. Anyway, the pictures usually give one the impression of looking at an over-made-up face. There were good portrait sketches—one of Mr. Baldwin, by R. G. Eves; and a clever study of roses by Melton Fisher. But here again

it seemed as though pastel couldn't give the fragrance, the velvety softness and brilliance of the rose petals. Like the beauty of the forty-year-old "girl," pastel has its limitations.

Fancy having succumbed to chicken-pox on the eve of one's wedding-day. How exasperating it must be! That was what happened to Miss Carlos Clarke, who fell ill at Woodlands, Sunningdale, just the day before she was to marry Lord Arthur Butler, son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde. Her sister and two of her small nephews had already caught the disease before, but it was not thought very serious. Now her sister, Miss Marcella Carlos Clarke, will be able to be a bridesmaid, after all.

A very important February wedding is that of Earl Winterton, M.P., and the Hon. Monica Wilson, daughter of Lord and Lady Nunburnholme. The bride is extremely clever, and even had the intention of going to Girton and studying hard. She is also a very keen sportswoman, loving horses and racing in particular. Her friend, Miss Elsie Mackay, whose father is now Viscount Inchcape, spends her time between Glenapp Castle, Paris, and London. When in town she dashes off to the Hendon flying-ground in every spare moment, and is rapidly becoming a very good pilot on a new type of machine, in spite of her recent narrow escape in the air.

The concert season will soon be starting again, and all sorts of interesting things are promised us. One of the first events of the kind in the New Year will be the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall on January 21, which will be conducted by that very distinguished young man, Mr. Eugène Goossens. He is just back from America, where he had a great success at a place called Rochester, which is, apparently, most go ahead in matters musical, and is not sleepy and lovely, as its name suggests.

Mr. Goossens, in spite of his youth, is the father of three children—all girls: the eldest very like him in colouring, and the twins (named Jane and Julia) more like their beautiful mother—fair, with blue eyes.



5. But this is how she spent the next day, and the day after that. She is so tired she is not sure she can ever get up again.

Mrs. Goossens' beauty is of the statuesque order; and she looks most attractive with her hair shingled and wearing the fashionable long earrings. MARIEGOLD.

'Chasing at Cheltenham: Personalities at the Meeting.



1. MRS. T. SUTTON AND MRS. SMART.
2. MISS GREENWELL AND MRS. STUART.
3. LADY MARY STRICKLAND.

4. MRS. DE FREVILLE AND MISS HOLMES.
5. THE HON. MRS. COVENTRY AND MISS
PAMELA COVENTRY.

6. MAJOR IAN BULLOUGH AND LORD
DEERHURST.
7. MR. AND MISS BENNETT.

The Hon. Mrs. Coventry is the wife of the Hon. Charles Coventry, the Earl of Coventry's second son, and Miss Pamela Coventry is their younger daughter.—Lady Mary is the second daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, and in 1915 married Algernon Walter Strickland, son of Mr. Algernon Henry Peter Strickland, a partner in the banking firm of

Hoare and Co.—Major Ian Bullough, M.C., is the youngest son of John Bullough, of Meggernie Castle, Perthshire, and the husband of Miss Lily Elsie.—Viscount Deerhurst is the eldest son of Lord Coventry, and is a D.L. for Worcestershire. He was born in 1865, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

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Why Doesn't Charlot Send These to America?



IN "THE GYP'S PRINCESS": MR. J. WARRENDER AS ROLF.



MR. CECIL BEATON AS PRINCESS TECLA.



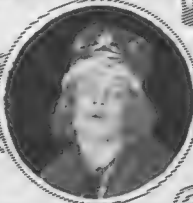
ROLF, WITH THE BEAUTY CHORUS AS CABARET GIRLS.



MR. LE BAS AS A PEERESS.



MR. W. WILLIAMS AS A PEERESS.



MR. MINER.



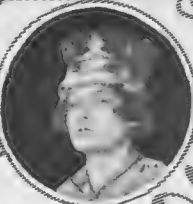
MR. JEFFRESS.



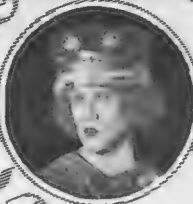
MR. BLECK.



MR. BROWN.



MR. PIKE



MR. D. WILLIAMS.



AS VICTORY BOND, THE INGÉNU OF THE PLAY: MR. D. D. ARUNDELL.

A BURLESQUE OF MODERN MUSICAL COMEDY: "THE GYP'S PRINCESS," AT CAMBRIDGE

The Cambridge University A.D.C.'s Christmas performance this year took the form of a burlesque entitled "The Gyp's Princess," written by F. L. Birch and D. H. Robertson. The music was by B. Ord and D. Arundell; and the scenery and dresses were designed by Mr. Cecil Beaton, who also took the leading part of Princess Tecla. Our photographs show what

admirable leading ladies and members of a beauty chorus men can make when they set their minds—and theatrical costumiers—to it! We wonder if Mr. Charlot's next venture will be to take the Cambridge "ladies" over the Atlantic, and see whether Harvard or Yale can produce their like?—[Photographs by Hills and Saunders.]

THE GREAT SNOW YEAR: SOCIETY



*Mrs. Guinevere
Sinclair Gould.*



The Misses Le Bas.



*The Countess
of Northesk.*



Mrs. St. George, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, & Lord Headfort. Lady Headfort at the back on a bobsteigh.



Lady Latta and Miss Mary Latta.

Mrs. Guinevere Sinclair Gould, who formerly appeared at the Gaiety and Daly's, and widow of the late Mr. George Jay Gould, recently won her case, and, in consequence, the income from a trust fund of £800,000 is hers, to be passed on to her three children after her death.—The Countess of Northesk used to be Jessica Browne, an American "Follies" dancer, and married the Earl of Northesk in 1923.—Viscount Knebworth is the elder of the Earl of Lytton's sons, was born in 1903, and was educated at Eton.—Sir Henry Lunn, who was knighted in 1910, is well known for his "tours."—The Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton is the son of the fourth Lord Lyttelton, and was Headmaster of Eton from 1906 to

WINTER SPORTING IN SWITZERLAND.



*Colonel and Mrs. Young
and family.*



Sir Henry Lunn and Dr. Lyttelton.



*Lord
Knebworth.*



*The Hon. Mrs. Malcolmson
with two of
her children.*



Sir John Simon and his daughter.

1916.—Lord Headfort is the fourth Marquess, and was born in 1878, and married in 1901.—Mr. Gordon Selfridge is the head of the famous stores.—Lady Latta is the wife of Sir John Latta, the first Baronet, whom she married in 1896, and the daughter of John Y. Short, J.P., of Ashbroke Hall, Sunderland. Miss Mary Latta is her younger daughter.—The Hon. Mrs. Malcolmson is the sister of the present Lord Belper, and in 1901 she married Vernon Austen Malcolmson. They have three children.—Sir John Simon was Solicitor-General from 1910 to 1913, Attorney-General with a seat in the Cabinet, 1913 to 1915, and Secretary of State for Home Affairs, 1915 to 1916.—[Photographs by L.N.A., Topical, S. and G. and C.N.]



Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.



THERE is no doubt that it would look delightful—at any rate at the beginning of the game. Of course, it would tend to make it resemble an egg more than ever. And that is not a tendency quite in the desired direction. For the fruit of the hen, because it can appear on the breakfast table in such various stages of development—the curate's egg, for example, which he so tactfully described as being excellent in parts—is apt to be held up to ridicule.

But, apart from appearances, I wonder if it would have a beneficial effect on the game itself. Perhaps there would be far fewer "foozled" passes; possibly we should see no more missed conversions; fair catches would, peradventure, be so frequent as to become a positive nuisance; the full back might welcome the innovation, because it would cause him less anxiety while awaiting its puzzling descent. What, gentle reader, do you think about it? Oh, I'm sorry; but I thought you would have at once tumbled to my meaning. As all the cricket world is ringing with the momentous question of whether the use of a white ball would prove advantageous to the game, I don't see why we Rugger enthusiasts shouldn't at least contemplate the effect of enveloping our ellipse in a coat of white. On a dry day it might retain its spotless purity; but, inasmuch as most games in a season are played under wet conditions, the ball, which looked so wonderfully white when teed up for the kick-off, would by the time "No side" sounded have certainly lost whatever advantage it started with. It would mean, therefore, a new ball—probably every twenty minutes. That is not likely to be welcomed, from the point of view of expense.

No; on the whole, I think it as well to abandon the idea of painting our ball white; the old natural cowhide covering seems to have served its purpose so well in the past that we would be well advised to stick to it.

I am sorry to see how entirely unsuccessful the tour of the Racing Club de France has been. In quick succession they suffered some-what overwhelming defeats at the

hands of Blackheath, Newport, and Leicester. I have said that they were beaten in quick succession to emphasise the fact that, in the space of four days, they played three matches against such formidable opponents. Rather a gruelling test this for any team. In the game against Leicester much of the score against them came from penalty kicks for off-side.

When I read in an account of a Rugger match that So-and-So kicked a fine penalty goal, I am constrained to declare that there isn't such a thing. This without in any way detracting from the skilful feat of the place-kicker. I mean that the very idea of a team winning a match through some member of the opposition infringing the rules is distasteful. I suppose that penalty goals must be looked upon as necessary evils. Personally, I dislike them; and however cleverly the score may thus be increased—and the game thereby won—I should prefer to read that So-and-So kicked a hateful penalty goal.

H. L. V. Day, of Leicester and England, was called upon in the match with the Racing Club de France to exact the penalty for offside three times. Altogether, this famous three-quarter was responsible for adding eighteen points to the score. There is probably no one more reliable in the matter of



J.P. WHITHAM,
(Sherborne)
FULLBACK FOR
ENGLISH
SCHOOLBOYS
V.
SCOTTISH
SCHOOLBOYS.

place-kicking than Day. He seems to have studied the rules with more care than most, concentrating on that couple of lines in the introduction which says that "the object of the game shall be to kick the ball over this cross-bar and between the posts." True, sometimes he has been known to digress a little and run over the line with the ball in his arms. He did this against the French club; but, quickly recovering himself, he remembered "the object of the game" and sent the ball perfectly over the cross-bar and between the posts.

There are some games in which one discerns from the very start the superiority of one side. This was so in the match at Twickenham between the Harlequins and the Army. Though without Gracie—resting on account of the International, Scotland v. France—it was the Harlequins' three-quarter line which proved such a thorn in the side of the soldiers.

And of all the outsiders—a formidable array: Kittermaster, Style, Briggs, Davies, and Gibbs—it was the right wing, Hamilton-Wickes, who stood out as the star performer. As a schoolboy at Wellington he showed the promise he has now fulfilled. In the season

1919-20 it was Hamilton-Wickes who largely contributed to Wellington's great victory over Rugby. And again, in the Wellington-Marlborough match, this year's Cambridge captain had much to do with the latter school's defeat by five goals and a try to a goal and two tries. Since his schooldays he has shown varied form, and his early promise scarcely seemed to develop. But this season, particularly in the 'Varsity match, there is no mistaking his claim to be considered a class player. Against the Army he was in tremendous form, beating the opposition with swerves and side-steppings and great pace, which, from the spectators' point of view, was a delight to witness.

In the final Trial—England v. The Rest—Hamilton-Wickes is to be found in the latter Fifteen. Those spectators who chuckle at the sight of the team with the national label being beaten by "The Rest" were given their opportunity in the final Scottish Trial. "Scotland" were beaten by two goals to two tries. Looking at the two teams which oppose each other at Twickenham on Jan. 5 in the English Trial, there are two men on "The Rest" side who will want a lot of watching. I refer to Lawton (who, in my opinion, saved Oxford from defeat in the 'Varsity match) and Hamilton-Wickes. The two Fifteens are so closely matched that an exciting and desperate struggle seems certain. Possibly the "England" forwards are a more experienced lot; but at half and three-quarter there will, I think, be little in it. If "The Rest" get their share of the ball, they may easily win.



2ND LT.
G.J. BRYAN,
Royal Engineers
ARMY 3/4.



H.B.T. WAKELAM,
TOUCH JUDGE, HARLEQUINS
V. THE ARMY.



WILLIAM CAIL,
HON. TREAS.
RUGBY FOOTBALL UNION

France's Biggest "Rugger" Success: Beating Scotland.



FAST WORK IN THE OPEN: A SCOT PICKING UP THE BALL IN FACE OF A FRENCH RUSH.



A STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL: FRENCH PLAYERS PREVENT THE SCOTS (IN DARK-BLUE JERSEYS) FROM GETTING AWAY.



BEATEN BY FRANCE BY 12 POINTS TO 10: THE SCOTTISH TEAM AT VINCENNES.



VICTORS OVER SCOTLAND BY 12 POINTS TO 10: THE FRENCH TEAM—MR. E. ROBERTS, THE REFEREE, ON THE RIGHT.



FRANCE GETS AWAY OUT OF A SCRUM: A FRENCH PLAYER, WELL BACKED UP, RUNNING WITH THE BALL.



A FRENCHMAN IN A TIGHT CORNER: FALLEN WITH THE BALL AMONG SCOTTISH FORWARDS AT THE BREAK-UP OF A SCRUM.

France upset expectations and scored her biggest success in International Rugby by beating Scotland, at the Stade Pershing at Vincennes on New Year's Day, by 4 tries (12 points) to 1 dropped goal, 1 penalty goal, and 1 try (10 points). The success of the French forwards against the strong Scottish pack was particularly marked, and France also had the better of the outside play, the French backs showing remarkable speed in passing. The teams were: France—R. Besset (back); L. Cluchague,

A. Behoteguy, R. Crabos (captain) and A. Jaurréguy (three-quarter backs); A. Dupont and L. Galau (half-backs); R. Lasserre, R. Piquinal, J. Etcheberry, A. Cassayet, P. Moureu, J. Lepatey, A. Gonnet, and L. Beguet (forwards). Scotland—D. Drysdale (back); C. E. W. Mackintosh, A. L. Gracie, E. McLaren, and A. C. Wallace (three-quarters); H. Waddell and W. E. Bryce (half-backs); J. M. Bannerman, L. M. Stuart, J. C. R. Buchanan, D. Davies, R. Howie, D. S. Kerr, K. G. P. Hendrie, and A. Ross (forwards).

Photographs by Rol (supplied by C.N.), Central Press, and S. and G.

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. II.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE DARTMOOR BUNGALOW.

"BUT where are we going?" I inquired for about the tenth time.

Poirot loves being mysterious. He will never part with a piece of information until the last possible moment. In this instance, having taken successively a bus and two trains, and arrived in the neighbourhood of one of London's most depressing southern suburbs, he consented at last to explain matters.

"We go, Hastings, to see the one man in England who knows most of the underground life of China."

"Indeed? Who is he?"

"A man you have never heard of—a Mr. John Ingles. To all intents and purposes, he is a retired Civil Servant of mediocre intellect with a house full of Chinese curios with which he bores his friends and acquaintances. Nevertheless, I am assured by those who should know that the only man capable of giving me the information I seek is this same John Ingles."

A few moments more saw us ascending the steps of The Laurels, as Mr. Ingles' residence was called. Personally I did not notice a laurel bush of any kind, so deduced that it had been named according to the usual obscure nomenclature of the suburbs.

We were admitted by an impassive-faced Chinese servant and ushered into the presence of his master. Mr. Ingles was a squarely built man, somewhat yellow of countenance, with deep-set eyes that were oddly reflective in character. He rose to greet us, setting aside an open letter which he had held in his hand. He referred to it after his greeting.

"Sit down, won't you? Halsey tells me that you want some information and that I may be useful to you in the matter."

"That is so, Monsieur. I ask of you if you have any knowledge of a man named Li Chang Yen."

"That's rum—very rum indeed. How did you come to hear about the man?"

"You know him, then?"

"I've met him once. And I know something of him—not quite as much as I should like to. But it surprises me that anyone else in England should even have heard of him. He's a great man in his way—mandarin class and all that, you know—but that's not the crux of the matter. There's good reason to suppose that he's the man behind it all."

"Behind what?"

"Everything. The Republic, the various upheavals of China, all this last unrest. It's even suspected that he was at the bottom of the Russian trouble. Wherever you find the hand of China, there you will find Li Chang Yen behind it. What's his game? Nobody knows—but you can be sure of this, it's deep, and it's Oriental. That man is the controlling brain of the East to-day. We don't understand the East—we never shall; but Li Chang Yen is its moving spirit. Not that he comes out into the limelight—oh, not at all; never moves from his palace in Pekin. But he pulls strings—that's it, pulls strings—and things happen far away."

"We have reason to believe that that is true," said Poirot quietly.

"Very odd, your knowing about him. Didn't fancy a soul in England had ever heard of him. I'd rather like to know how you did come to hear of him—if it's not indiscreet."

"Not in the least, Monsieur. A man took

refuge in my rooms. He was suffering badly from shock, but he managed to tell us enough to interest us in this Li Chang Yen. He described four people—the Big Four—an organisation hitherto undreamed of. No. 1 is Li Chang Yen, No. 2 is an unknown American, No. 3 an equally unknown Frenchwoman, No. 4 may be called the executive of the organisation—the destroyer. My informant died. Tell me, Monsieur, is that phrase known to you at all? The Big Four."

"Not in connection with Li Chang Yen. No, I can't say it is. But I've heard it, or read it, just lately—and in some unusual connection too. Ah, I've got it."

He rose and went across to an inlaid lacquer cabinet—an exquisite thing, as even I could see. He returned with a letter in his hand.

"Here you are. Note from an old seafaring man I ran against once in Shanghai. Hoary old reprobate—maudlin with drink by now, I should say. I took this to be the ravings of alcoholism."

He read it aloud—

"DEAR SIR,—You may not remember me, but you did me a good turn once in Shanghai. Do me another now. I must have money to get out of the country. I'm well hid here, I hope, but any day they may get me. The Big Four, I mean. It's life or death. I've plenty of money, but I daren't get at it, for fear of putting them wise. Send me a couple of hundred in notes. I'll repay it faithful—I swear to that.—Your servant, Sir, JONATHAN WHALLEY."

"Dated from Granite Bungalow, Hoppator, Dartmoor. I'm afraid I regarded it as rather a crude method of relieving me of a couple of hundred which I can ill spare. If it's any use to you—" He held it out.

"Je vous remercie, Monsieur. I start for Hoppator à l'heure même."

"Dear me, this is very interesting. Supposing I came along too? Any objection?"

"I should be charmed to have your company, but we must start at once. We shall not reach Dartmoor until close on nightfall, as it is."

John Ingles did not delay us more than a couple of minutes, and soon we were in the train moving out of Paddington bound for the West Country. Hoppator was a small village clustering in a hollow right on the fringe of the moorland. It was reached by a nine-mile drive from Moretonhamstead. It was about eight o'clock when we arrived; but as the month was July, the daylight was still abundant.

We drove into the village and asked for the whereabouts of Granite Bungalow. A dozen willing hands pointed it out—a small grey cottage right in the centre of the village.

"There be t' Bungalow. Do yee want to see t' Inspector? A shocking murder t'was, seemingly. Pools of blood, they do say."

We wasted no time in seeking out Inspector Meadows. Poirot introduced the magic name of Inspector Japp, and all was made easy for us.

"Yes, Sir; murdered this morning. A shocking business. They phoned to Moreton, and I came out at once. Looked a mysterious thing to begin with. The old man—he was about seventy, you know, and fond of his glass, from all I hear—was lying

on the floor of the living-room. There was a bruise on his head, and his throat was cut from ear to ear. Blood all over the place, as you can understand. The woman who cooks for him, Betsy Andrews, she told us that her master had several little Chinese jade figures, that he'd told her were very valuable, and these had disappeared. That, of course, looked like assault and robbery; but there were all sorts of difficulties in the way of that solution. The old fellow had two people in the house; Betsy Andrews, who is a Hoppator woman; and a rough kind of man-servant, Robert Grant. Grant had gone to the farm to fetch the milk, which he does every day, and Betsy had stepped out to have a chat with a neighbour. She was only away twenty minutes—between ten and half-past—and the crime must have been done then. Grant returned to the house first. He went in by the back door, which was open—no one locks up doors round here; not in broad daylight, at all events—put the milk in the larder, and went into his own room to read, the paper and have a smoke. Had no idea anything unusual had occurred—at least, that's what he says. Then Betsy comes in, goes into the living-room, sees what's happened, and lets out a screech to wake the dead. That's all fair and square. Someone got in whilst those two were out, and did the poor old man in. But it struck me at once that he must be a pretty cool customer. He'd have to come right up the village street, or creep through someone's back yard. Granite Bungalow has got houses all round it, as you can see. How was it that no one had seen him?"

The Inspector paused with a flourish.

"Aha, I perceive your point," said Poirot. "To continue?"

"Well, Sir, fishy, I said to myself—fishy. And I began to look about me. Those jade figures, now. Would a common tramp ever suspect that they were valuable? Anyway, it was madness to try such a thing in broad daylight. Suppose the old man had yelled for help?"

"I suppose, Inspector," said Mr. Ingles, "that the bruise on the head was inflicted before death?"

"Quite right, Sir. First knocked him silly, the murderer did, and then cut his throat. That's clear enough. But how the dickens did he come or go? They notice strangers quick enough in a little place like this. It came to me all at once—nobody did come. I took a good look round. It had rained the night before, and there were footprints clear enough going in and out of the kitchen. In the living-room, there were two sets of footprints only (Betsy Andrews' stopped at the door)—Mr. Whalley's (he was wearing carpet slippers) and another man's. The other man had stepped in the bloodstains, and I traced his bloody footprints—I beg your pardon, Sir."

"Not at all," said Mr. Ingles, with a faint smile; "the adjective is perfectly understood."

"I traced 'em to the kitchen—but not beyond. Point Number One. On the lintel of Robert Grant's door was a faint smear—a smear of blood. That's Point Number Two."

[Continued on page 77.]



HERCULE POIROT.

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Bonzo in Search of His Forefathers.



BONZO DISCOVERS THE BONZOSAURUS EGG.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.



"DANCING, THE CHILD OF

FROM THE PICTURE BY



MUSIC AND OF LOVE."

JAMES T. SHARPE.

The Wife of Our Representative in Hungary.



FORMERLY MISS CYNTHIA ASTELL : MRS. THOMAS HÖHLER.

Mr. Thomas Beaumont Höhler, C.B., C.M.G., is his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Hungary. Mrs. Höhler is the daughter of the late William Harvey Astell, J.P., D.L., whose

widow, daughter of the fourth Viscount Gort, married the third Baron de L'Isle and Dudley in 1902. Mr. Höhler is the son of Mr. H. A. Höhler, of Fawkham Manor, Kent.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Descendant of One of the Slayers of Rizzio.



DAUGHTER OF THE NINTH BARON RUTHVEN: THE HON. JEAN HORE-RUTHVEN.

The Hon. Jean Hore-Ruthven, who was born in 1898, is the second daughter of Major-General Lord Ruthven, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who was a General Staff Officer, and was wounded during the European War. Her eldest sister married the eleventh Earl of Carlisle in

1918. In our issue of last week we gave portraits of her twin-sisters, Margaret and Alison. The patent of the old Barony was burnt with the house of Freeland in 1750. The third Lord Ruthven was a chief actor in the execution of Rizzio.

Photograph by Yvonne.

Continued.]

Point Number Three was when I got hold of Grant's boots—which he had taken off—and fitted them to the marks. That settled it. It was an inside job. I warned Grant and took him into custody; and what do you think I found packed away in his portmanteau? The little jade figures and a ticket-of-leave. Robert Grant was also Abraham Biggs, convicted for felony and housebreaking five years ago."

The Inspector paused triumphantly.

"What do you think of that, gentlemen?"

"I think," said Poirot, "that it appears to be a very clear case—an almost singularly clear case, if I may say so. This Biggs, or Grant, must be a very foolish and uneducated man."

"Oh, he is that—a rough, common sort of fellow. No idea of what a footprint may mean."

"Clearly not a reader of detective fiction! Well, Inspector, I congratulate you. Any chance of our seeing the scene of the crime?"

"I'll take you there myself this minute. I'd like you to see those footprints."

"I, too, should like to see them. Yes, yes, very interesting, very ingenious."

We set out forthwith. Mr. Ingles and the Inspector forged ahead. I drew Poirot back a little so as to be able to speak to him out of the Inspector's hearing.

"What do you really think, Poirot. Is there more in this than meets the eye?"

"That is just the question, *mon ami*. Whalley says plainly enough in his letter that the Big Four are on his track, and we know from our own experience that the Big Four is no chimera of the imagination. Yet everything seems to point to the fact that this man Grant committed the crime. Why did he do so? For the sake of the little jade figures? Or is he an agent of the Big Four? I confess that the whole thing seems more credible on the latter hypothesis. However valuable the jade, a man of that class was not likely to realise the fact—at any rate, not to the point of committing murder for them. (That, *par exemple*, ought to have struck the Inspector.) He could have stolen the jade and made off with it instead of committing a brutal and quite purposeless murder. Ah, yes; I fear our Devonshire friend has not used his little grey cells. He has measured footprints and omitted to reflect and arrange his ideas with the necessary order and method."

The Inspector drew a key from his pocket and unlocked the door of Granite Bungalow. The day had been fine and dry, so our feet were not likely to leave any prints; nevertheless, we wiped them carefully on the mat before entering.

A woman came up out of the gloom and spoke to the Inspector, and he turned aside. Then he spoke over his shoulder.

"Have a good look round, Mr. Poirot, and see all there is to see. I'll be back in about five minutes. By the way, here's Grant's boot. I brought it along with me for you to compare the impressions."

We went into the living-room, and the sound of the Inspector's footsteps died away outside. Ingles was attracted immediately by some Chinese curios on a table in the corner, and went over to examine them. He seemed to take no interest in Poirot's doings. I, on the other hand, watched him with breathless interest. The floor was covered with a dark-green linoleum which was ideal for showing up footprints. A door at the farther end led into the small kitchen. From there another door led into the scullery (where the back door was situated), and another into the bed-room which had been occupied by Robert Grant. Having explored the ground, Poirot commented upon it in a low, running monologue.

"Here is where the body lay; that big, dark stain and the splashes all around mark the spot. Traces of carpet slippers and

'number nine' boots, you observe, but all very confused. Then two sets of tracks leading to and from the kitchen: whoever the murderer was, he came in that way. You have the boot, Hastings? Give it to me." He compared it carefully with the prints. "Yes, both made by the same man, Robert Grant. He came in that way, killed the old man, and went back to the kitchen. He had stepped in the blood: see the stains he left as he went out? Nothing to be seen in the kitchen—all the village has been walking about in it. He went into his own room—no, first he went back again to the scene of the crime—was that to get the little jade figures? Or had he forgotten something that might incriminate him?"

"Perhaps he killed the old man the second time he went in?" I suggested.

"*Mais non*, you do not observe. On one of the outgoing footmarks stained with blood there is superimposed an ingoing one. I wonder what he went back for—the little jade figures as an after-thought? It is all ridiculous—stupid."

"Well, he's given himself away pretty hopelessly."

"*N'est-ce pas?* I tell you, Hastings, it goes against reason. It offends my little grey cells. Let us go into his bed-room—ah, yes; there is the smear of blood on the lintel and just a trace of footmarks—blood-stained. Robert Grant's footmarks, and his only, near the body—Robert Grant the only man who went near the house. Yes, it must be so."

"What about the old woman?" I said suddenly. "She was in the house alone after Grant had gone for the milk. She might have killed him and then gone out. Her feet would leave no prints if she hadn't been outside."

"Very good, Hastings; I wondered whether that hypothesis would occur to you. I had already thought of it and rejected it. Betsy Andrews is a local woman, well known hereabouts. She can have no connection with the Big Four; and, besides, old Whalley was a powerful fellow, by all accounts. This is a man's work—not a woman's."

"I suppose the Big Four couldn't have had some diabolical contrivance concealed in the ceiling—something which descended automatically and cut the old man's throat and was afterwards drawn up again?"

"Like Jacob's ladder? I know, Hastings, that you have an imagination of the most fertile—but I implore of you to keep it within bounds."

I subsided, abashed. Poirot continued to wander about, poking into rooms and cupboards with a profoundly dissatisfied expression on his face. Suddenly he uttered an excited yelp, reminiscent of a Pomeranian dog. I rushed to join him. He was standing in the larder in a dramatic attitude. In his hand he was brandishing a leg of mutton!

"My dear Poirot!" I cried. "What is the matter? Have you suddenly gone mad?"

"Regard, I pray you, this mutton. But regard it closely!"

I regarded it as closely as I could, but could see nothing unusual about it. It seemed to me a very ordinary leg of mutton. I said as much. Poirot threw me a withering glance.

"But do you not see this—and this—and this—"

He illustrated each "this" with a jab at the unoffending joint, dislodging small icicles as he did so.

Poirot had just accused me of being imaginative, but I now felt that he was far more wildly so than I had ever been. Did he seriously think these slivers of ice were crystals of a deadly poison? That was the only construction I could put upon his extraordinary agitation.

"It's frozen meat," I explained gently. "Imported, you know. New Zealand."

He stared at me for a moment or two and then broke into a strange laugh.

"How marvellous is my friend Hastings! He knows everything—but everything! How do they say—Inquire Within Upon Everything. That is my friend Hastings."

He flung down the leg of mutton on to its dish again and left the larder. Then he looked through the window.

"Here comes our friend the Inspector. It is well. I have seen all I want to see here." He drummed on the table absent-mindedly, as though absorbed in calculation, and then asked suddenly, "What is the day of the week, *mon ami*?"

"Monday," I said, rather astonished. "What—"

"Ah! Monday, is it? A bad day of the week. To commit a murder on a Monday is a mistake."

Passing back to the living-room, he tapped the glass on the wall and glanced at the thermometer.

"Set fair, and seventy degrees Fahrenheit. An orthodox English summer's day."

Ingles was still examining various pieces of Chinese pottery.

"You do not take much interest in this inquiry, Monsieur?" said Poirot.

The other gave a slow smile.

"It's not my job, you see. I'm a connoisseur of some things, but not of this. So I just stand back and keep out of the way. I've learnt patience in the East."

The Inspector came bustling in, apologising for having been so long away. He insisted on taking us over most of the ground again, but finally we got away.

"I must appreciate your thousand politenesses, Inspector," said Poirot, as we were walking down the village street again. "There is just one more request I should like to put to you."

"You want to see the body, perhaps, Sir?"

"Oh, dear me, no! I have not the least interest in the body. I want to see Robert Grant."

"You'll have to drive back with me to Moreton to see him, Sir."

"Very well, I will do so. But I must see him and be able to speak to him alone."

The Inspector caressed his upper lip.

"Well, I don't know about that, Sir."

"I assure you that if you can get through to Scotland Yard you will receive full authority."

"I've heard of you, of course, Sir, and I know you've done us a good turn now and again. But it's very irregular."

"Nevertheless it is necessary," said Poirot calmly. "It is necessary for this reason—Grant is not the murderer."

"What? Who is, then?"

"The murderer was, I should fancy, a youngish man. He drove up to Granite Bungalow in a trap, which he left outside. He went in, committed the murder, came out, and drove away again. He was bare-headed, and his clothing was slightly blood-stained."

"But—but the whole village would have seen him!"

"Not under certain circumstances."

"Not if it was dark, perhaps; but the crime was committed in broad daylight."

Poirot merely smiled.

"And the horse and trap, Sir—how could you tell that? Any amount of wheeled vehicles have passed along outside. There's no marks of one in particular to be seen."

"Not with the eyes of the body, perhaps; but with the eyes of the mind, yes."

The Inspector touched his forehead significantly with a grin at me. I was utterly bewildered, but I had faith in Poirot. Further discussion ended in our all driving back to Moreton with the Inspector. Poirot and I were taken to Grant, but a constable was to be present during the interview. Poirot went straight to the point.

"Grant, I know you to be innocent of this crime. Relate to me in your own words exactly what happened."

[Continued on page x.]



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"MADAME POMPADOUR," AT DALY'S.

A HINT to all of you who, in your thousands, will roll up to Daly's for many moons: leave history on the shelf, and let your fantasy run riot. Then you will have an evening full of unalloyed pleasure—pleasure because the story is piquant and funny; pleasure because the picture is all life and colour; pleasure because there are a trio of tunes that will linger caressingly in your ear; pleasure because Evelyn Laye, the Pompadour, is all charm and archness, because Huntley Wright's Calico is an inimitable troubadour à la Louis XV., and because Bertram Wallis is every inch a king, as Derek Oldham is every inch a lover.

The story is very nearly a twin of that other Duchess of adventure—she of Gerolstein, who *aimait les militaires*. Pompadour, between her pastoral hours with Louis and her inclinations for fresh woods and pastures new, found them in the tavern of Nine Muses, where Calico, in the midst of Bohemia, held her up to scorn and contempt, and her entrance subdued them all by her charm. Here she met René, a delightful cavalier as acted and sung by Derek Oldham. They both fall in love at first sight; and as Pompadour felt sure that she could have an evening off, she assigned him to her palace in the guise of a bodyguard. But Louis had spying eyes everywhere, and, albeit a Prefect of Police was as silly an ass as they always are in operetta, he gave warning to his Majesty that there was a fox in the field. So just when all had gone to rest except the two would-be lovers, enters the King and—brimstone and hell-fire. But the little Pompadour might lose her heart and senses for a while, not her head. She relied on Fate and the long arm of coincidence, the latter presenting her at the fatal moment with the sudden presence of René's legal wife, who happened to be her long-lost half-sister. What was easier than to convince the irate King that she was never alone with René, and had convened him to her palace to reunite husband and wife? Whether Louis quite believed her is another story. But, the perfect courtier he was, he said: "I know that you are beautiful and that I love you." Then he kissed her and made her a Duchess. It is all very naughty, pretty, amusing. Of history not a vestige, except the illustrious name, but plenty of humour and bustle.

Mr. Leo Fall has musicked all this delightful moonshine in the true Viennese way—nowhere an idea of Louis XV. atmosphere; nowhere an effort to ally the tunes to the plot in the all-too-facile overture. But the three songs: "By the Light of the Moon," "Tell Me What Your Eyes Are Made Of," and "Two Little Birds in a Tree," are rich in melody and charm and will anon be lilied in drawing-rooms and orchestras. For here are the light-heartedness and romance of Viennese joy of life, scored in that insinuating manner that sets lips humming and tempts the hearer to be up and dancing.

Miss Evelyn Laye and Mr. Huntley Wright deserve more than a passing reference. He, as young, as nimble as ever, makes of the somewhat knavish, naïve figure of Calico a delightful sentimentalist. He is so happy, so amusingly woe-begone in his various vicissitudes, that we take him to our hearts. She, the Pompadour, conquered us all by her

exquisite daintiness, her roguish gaiety, her allurements, in her grace of raiment and personality. Not since Marie Tempest's comic-opera days have we had a *vedette* so fascinating, so Parisian in *chic* and vivacity. Evelyn Laye casts all her contemporary rivals into the shade. Hers was a part that allowed no concessions. It was either hit or miss. Her complete success raises her to the leadership of her *genre*.

II.

"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE PALLADIUM.

GOOD old-fashioned pantomime. That's right, keep the sacred lamp burning, and young and old in glee. The more nonsense the better, and there's plenty of it here. Nellie Wallace, with her parrot way and her wonderful sense of humour

charm); but where is her voice—the voice that fascinated us when "That," the dear departed, adored her at the piano? I love to hear her speak—she is clear, and phrases well. But oh, how husky she is when she tries to warble! Hilda Glyder dances nimbly, and can shoot a comic song at us in the approved music-hall manner; but Alice, Dick's sweetheart, I fancy otherwise—more poetic, more sweet-and-twenty. There is one good singer with a voice I would recruit for musical comedy. That is Clifford Harcourt, the Sultan; he has a deep organ and a tear in his notes. It was a pleasure to see and hear him.

The text is jolly, the scenery often very picturesque: capital the Old London scene, delightfully grotesque the ship, truly artistic the impressionist vision of the Moroccan shore.

As usual, Albert de Courville has conjured up some charming things from his rich imagination. The Flower Ballet, with its bunch of girls carrying bouquets on their heads—the cunning of Gaby Deslys hats exalted to artistry—is like a vision of a Midsummer Night's Dream; the colours of Morocco, a vivid fragment of the Arabian Nights. And, lest I forget, let me pay a tribute to the children who waft through the pantomime, now as street urchins, now as sailors, now as acolytes of the Eastern potentate—how different from the little automats of bygone days! And so all was as nice as Father Christmas makes it. With a cut of, say, half-an-hour, it will make a real treat for young and old.

III.

"ALMOND EYE," AT THE SCALA.

IF scenery and costumes could make a play, here were a masterpiece. "Almond Eye" is the complete vision splendid—the triumph mainly of the Harkers and Dodson. The Bamboo Grove, the red-lacquered Reception Chamber of the Emperor, will dwell in memory when of the play nothing remains but the pretty title. It may be that the authors were lulled into the belief that the treasure chase through the fairylands of Egypt and China, combined with the romantic wooing of a Princess by an attractive youth of mean birth—that the fanciful, flowery names of many characters, would act like a charm. But even fairy tales demand a certain charm in the telling, and there must be humour allied to rhapsody. There was none of that in the book, and but little in the music, although in the score there are moments of Oriental inspiration. For hours it went on and on in slow development of action, oppressed by avalanches of indifferent dialogue, which might be poetic when read, but rarely sounded so when spoken. Of real humour there was none except when that accomplished actress, Gracie Leigh—Chu-Ku (a teapot), says the programme, what does it mean?—worked with all her might to extract some fun from a middle-aged duenna. It was dull; and even the charming voices of Mr. Hubert Eisdell, a fine singer and actor in the bud, and of Miss Lilian Davies, to whom no opportunity was given to repeat her success in "Polly," could but sporadically create Fata Morgana in the verbal desert.

It is a pity that so much external beauty, so much individual talent, working with a will without finding a way, was wasted on so trite a story. For as a spectacle there is nothing more beautiful to be seen in London.



CHARLES MCEVOY'S LEADING LADY PAINTED BY HIS BROTHER AMBROSE: MISS MARY CLARE AS SALLY WINCH IN "THE LIKES OF HER."

Miss Mary Clare, who plays the part of Sally Winch in "The Likes of Her," Mr. Charles McEvoy's very successful play, running at the St. Martin's, has just been painted by Mr. McEvoy's very distinguished brother, Ambrose McEvoy.—[Photograph of the Picture by Ambrose McEvoy, by Paul Laib.]

of all Cockayne means, is a host in herself. Harry Weldon is a fair second—his phlegmatic Idle Jack contrasts well with Nellie's ubiquity; and Phil Rallis and Jack Evans—Mate and Bo'sun—are acrobats as agile as monkeys and as artful, too, with their kicks and pranks and tumbles and catherine-wheels: they make you wonder what they are made of—india-rubber or cotton-wool. Ah, and don't let me forget the Cat, the ideal, human cat of Fred Whittaker. He is the *raisonneur* of the panto; like a lynx he watches humanity, its virtues and its vices, holds the scales and tips them to the side of justice.

I am not so enthusiastic when I come to the actual *dramatis personae*. Clarice Mayne is good to look at, a sculptural goddess of a woman, and she acts nicely too (would that male Dicks had such grace and

"Polly" as "A Precious Reward."



THE BELOVED OF ELEGANT HARE : MISS LILIAN DAVIES AS PRINCESS AI-LIEN IN "ALMOND EYE."

Miss Lilian Davies, who made such a very great hit in the name-part of "Polly," is appearing as the Princess Ai-Lien ("A Precious Reward") in "Almond Eye," the new "Aladdin-ish"

story of love—and a lamp—now being given at the New Scala Theatre. Her gallant stage lover rejoices in the name of Ya-Mao ("Elegant Hare").—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

FILMS OF THE MOMENT, 1924: No. I. "JAVA"



IN THE CHINESE TEMPLE: THE PRINCESS TAOU YUEN PLEADS FOR HER LIFE
AFTER BEING CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY MANCHU LAW.



PRINCESS TAOU YUEN:

"Java Head," the film version of Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's fine novel, is the story of Gerritt Ammidon, of Salem (Mass.). His father, a wealthy retired sea captain, names his house Java Head. Gerritt follows his father's profession, and is the captain of the "Nautilus." He is in love with Nettie Vollar, but the course of their love does not run smooth, as her grandfather and his father have quarrelled, and in consequence Gerritt is turned out of the former's house. Broken-hearted, he sails for China, and there he rescues Taou Yuen, a Manchu Princess, from some drunken sailors, who have dragged her from her palanquin. She is condemned to death by Manchu law, because alien hands have touched her; but Gerritt saves her life by marrying her. Meantime, in Salem, the two old men have become reconciled, and Nettie looks forward to marrying Gerritt on his return, and is

[Continued opposite.]



THE RETURN HOME OF GERRITT AMMIDON AND TAOU YUEN: THE CHINESE PRINCESS PROSTRATES HERSELF
BEFORE HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, TO THE CONSTERNATION OF THE FAMILY PARTY.

HEAD"—FROM JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S NOVEL.



MISS LEATRICE JOY.



THE WEDDING OF TAOU YUEN TO GERRITT AMMIDON: MISS LEATRICE JOY
AND MR. ALBERT ROSCOE.



THE DEATH OF TAOU YUEN: MR. RAYMOND HATTON AS EDWARD DUNSACK (NETTIE'S DRUG-TAKING UNCLE),
MISS LEATRICE JOY, AND MISS JACQUELINE LOGAN AS NETTIE VOLLAR, GERRITT'S FORMER SWEETHEART.

Continued.

horrified when he comes back with his Chinese bride. Nettie's uncle, Edward Dunsack, who has been in China for many years, is very much under the spell of that country, and is an opium-taker into the bargain, falls in love with Taou Yuen, and tells Nettie that Gerritt does not love his wife; tells Taou Yuen that Gerritt loves Nettie, and attempts to embrace her. The Princess repulses him with scorn, and orders him out of the house. At an open-air fête Nettie is injured by a runaway horse. She sends for Gerritt, and they confess their love. Nettie's uncle gives her some opium pellets to ease her pain; and when Taou Yuen comes to see Nettie, and is told that her husband still loves his former sweetheart, she swallows the remaining pellets, and falls dead just as Edward bursts into the room with the intention of seizing the Princess. In the end Nettie and Gerritt marry.

Films of the Moment, 1924: No. II. "Rosita."



AT HOME AT BEVERLY HILL AND IN SPANISH GUISE: MARY PICKFORD, WITH DOUG. AND DOG, AND AS ROSITA.

In our first photograph, Miss Mary Pickford is seen in her home setting with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks—this time without a moustache. Our second photograph shows her as Rosita, ramming a charge home in one of the muzzle-loading rifles to be used by the firing squad which is to execute her lover, Don Diego (George Walsh). In the third photograph she is seen giving a lesson in make-up to Philippe de Lacey, who is to make his first appearance on the films in "Rosita." He was

brought to America recently by Edith de Lacey, who was a nurse in France during the war, and rescued him from the cellar beneath his home, which had been wrecked by German air-raids. No. 4 is a photograph of Miss Pickford as Rosita, which was exhibited at the London Salon of Photography this autumn. "Rosita" is the story of a Spanish street singer who attracted the notice of the King, which was no joke in those days. All ends well, however, thanks to the Queen's intercession.

Photographs by C. S. Warrington and Arthur F. Kales.

The "Undies" of the Pompadour Period.



THE COMTESSE D'ESTRADE CHANGES FROM COUNTRY MOUSE TO TOWN MOUSE : MISS E. STAMP TAYLOR
IN "MADAME POMPADOUR."

The Comtesse d'Estrade is Mme. Pompadour's half-sister, and when she turns up in Paris, the favourite teaches her how to keep her husband's love, and dresses her as a town mouse in order that she may do so. At the time, Mme. Pompadour does not know that the Comte d'Estrade is her own lover, René. However, when Louis XV. discovers that she is

having secret meetings with another man, she informs him that he is her sister's husband and their meetings have merely taken place in order to bring the two together again. All ends for the best, with a reconciliation between husband and wife. Our photograph shows Miss E. Stamp Taylor changing into her sister's smart clothes.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.



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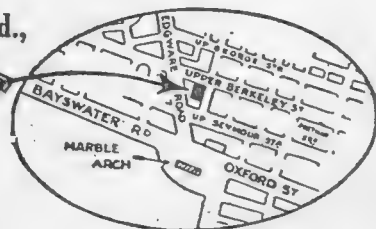
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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"The Ladies of Lyndon."

If this is a first novel—and I can find no evidence, either on the title-page or in my memory, of a previous work by Margaret Kennedy—it is a notable performance. It is not a masterpiece. It does not bring tears of joy to the eyes. It does not make you want to run round and tell everybody that you have found a book. It has not the beauty of "The Heir," or the astonishing power of "Sea Wrack." But it is here and there original, here and there amusing, and clever all the time.

The making of the book is the character of James. I wish the author had written the whole story about James. Whenever James comes on the scene we know that all will be well with us. I am quite sure that Margaret Kennedy found it hard to keep James in his place. But why keep him in his place? When an author creates a character who takes the bit between his teeth and runs off with the story, the tip is to let him run. He is a live character. You never catch Mr. Dickens checking his live characters. You do find him flogging his dead ones, such as Steerforth and my Lady Dedlock, but the corpses don't mind. They never stir.

The immortality of the "Pickwick Papers" is not solely due to the character of Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Pickwick was a live character all right, but so are Mr. Winkle, and Sam Weller, and old Weller, and the Fat Boy, and Mr. Jingle, and a couple of dozen others. The only trouble Mr. Dickens could have had in writing that book was holding the reins and directing the bolting steeds.

A whole story about James. Margaret Kennedy's James would have delighted the public. The family—this strangely old-fashioned family who are supposed to live in the present day, but cherish the ideas and conventions and turns of expression of fifty years ago—thought James an imbecile. He had been written down as the Family Idiot—a position which he immensely enjoyed because it allowed him to escape all the social monstrosities with which no sane person cares to be bothered, and also to do as he liked and say what he liked. Matters were further complicated by the fact that James had four hundred a year in his own right. Not very much, of course. Only eight pounds a week, as the family constantly consoled each other. But it was enough for James, because James had simple tastes. He didn't waste money in rushing hither and thither, trying to be "seen." He was perfectly content to enjoy the folly of fools in his own quiet way.

Lady Clewer immediately demanded, with unconcealed impatience, where James might be. Cynthia replied that he would not come, though Miss Barrington had said that he ought. Lady Clewer's jaw became grim, and she was preparing to send for

James on the instant when Cynthia demurely added that he had gone to bed. He had further threatened to come down in his pyjamas if anyone bothered him. Lady Clewer sharply bade her daughter to have done—that is the way Lady Clewer talked, I suppose—and Cynthia was silent, her keen eyes flitting from face to face. She secretly enjoyed these trying situations invariably created by James; they gave variety to a monotonous life.

James Goes to Paris.

James had made up his mind to paint. The family did not object to the hobby so long as James remained in an attic and nobody saw his pictures. But that did not suit James at all. He meant to be a real

interests him and gives him an object in life.

"Oh, yes! That's why I have done everything in my power to encourage his drawing. But why Paris? Why not here?"

"Well," said Mrs. Gordon Clewer, "I think it might have been very much worse. It's quite respectable to want to draw in Paris. He might have wanted to draw battle-ships and sections of salmon in crayon on the pavement."

A little later, the same lady observed, "We don't want our James going over to Rome. If he did, he would undoubtedly want to become a Trappist monk, and I don't know but what the vocation wouldn't suit him."

James must have winced in the company of people who talked like 'tweenies.

The Window Episode.

Later in the story, James does two glorious things. You must often have longed to throw somebody out of the window. There are people who ought to be thrown out of windows—really lofty windows—and the fact that they are not exposes the weakness of civilisation. Well, James did not mind about civilisation. One of the ladies of Lyndon climbed one day to his attic studio and talked. She was one of those cats we all love so dearly (they are not limited to the female sex, by the way), and she was angry with James and meant him to feel the sting of her tongue.

James put up with it for a time, but the cat went too far. She said something insulting about his pictures. Any artist is justified in throwing a person out of the window who insults his work to his face. That is my opinion, and it was also the opinion of the man James.

James turned round suddenly, and, angry as she was, she quailed before the whiteness of his face. She recognised the onset of one of those rare but terrific rages which had been a legendary horror in the Lyndon nurseries. It had always been accepted that, when James did lose his temper, he might do anything.

"Get out!" he muttered, advancing towards her. "Get out! Or I'll throw you out of the window!"

"Nonsense, James," she scolded. "Don't dare to talk like that." But her voice shook a little, and she took a step back.

"I will," he said, coming quite close to her. "And I'll throw out the next of you that comes up here without being asked."

He picked her up and carried her towards the window. She screamed loudly and tugged at his hair, but the grip of his long arms never slackened. She experienced, for the only time in her life, all the humiliations of weakness before violence. Her sharp heels drummed against his shins. . . . He steadied himself with one knee against the low sash, held her out over the void, and spoke—

"Will you keep out of here after this?"

"Yes, James. Oh, you are a brute!"

[Continued overleaf.]



TO CONDUCT FOR THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY: MR. EUGÈNE GOOSSENS—AS SAVA SEES HIM.

Mr. Eugène Goossens, who has had such a triumph as conductor at the Philharmonic Concerts at Rochester, U.S.A., is now back in this country, and will conduct several times at Covent Garden during the British National Opera season. It was arranged that he should do so for the opening performance of "The Mastersingers." He will also conduct the London Symphony Concert on January 21.—[From the Caricature by Sava.]

painter, and he suddenly told them that he was going to Paris. He was of age, he had his four hundred a year, and if he wanted to study in Paris he should do so and the family could go to the devil. So the family, as families will, solemnly discussed the matter.

"Oh, no, indeed!" protested Major Talbot. "I'm sure you did all that was best. It's only the question of preventing him from making a fool of himself now. This idea of going to Paris. What's to be done about it?"

"Of course," suggested Mrs. Cocks, "I suppose it would be better for him to have something to do. Something that really

Continued.]

"You'd better be careful. Will you leave off telling me whose advice I'm to take?"

"Yes."

"Will you keep your opinions to yourself? And your friends' opinions too, if you can?"

"Yes. Do you call yourself a gentleman?"

"No. But if you'll promise me you may come in again."

"He spoke too late. Before he could lift her back into safety she had slipped from his arms."

She was not killed, for which one felt rather sorry, because cats are multiplying too fast. But she had the fright of her life, and the family did not tell James after that what they thought of his pictures.

The Revenge of James.

But James was not done with the family, although they were now treating him with respect. The most terrible revenge of James was still to come.

One of the ladies of Lyndon—I would tell you which one if I could, but the author flings her people on to the pages in such profusion and, to me, confusion that I cannot, try as I may, disentangle them—one of the ladies of Lyndon, anyway, married a most odious profiteer who constructed for himself a vast mansion of much pomp and luxury, and actually commissioned James to adorn the banquetting-hall with a series of frescoes.

James let himself go over those frescoes. The family were terribly shocked at the nudity and paganism; but, after all, this was the sort of thing, and James would not be balked. A huge luncheon was arranged in honour of the frescoes. When the guests had all accepted, and it was too late to stop the party, somebody discovered that the central figures of the boldest of the frescoes—"an incredibly aldermanic figure, which she had set down for Silenus, taking his ease . . . in the arms of a slender blonde hussy"—were lifelike portraits of the host and hostess! The resemblance had hitherto escaped everybody because the figures had no clothes!

Clamour! What was to be done? Send for James! But James was not coming to the banquet. James had contributed his share of the entertainment. Besides, James had quietly married one of the maids, and settled down to a life of art and domesticity. He was perfectly happy with his Dolly. When he had worked extra hard she let him have an egg to his tea.

And so we leave James rich and famous, the owner of Lyndon. Most of the other members of the family came to sad grief. But we don't care a rush about them. James is the feller.

"Beagles and Beagling."

Unless you happen to be a beagler, I don't suppose you have the least idea of the immense care and labour that goes to the formation and training of a really first-class pack of beagles. I had not, until I read this book. I just thought they were nice little fellows, rather plump and perhaps a wee bit comic.

Dodecasyllabic ignorance! To begin with, if you are a beagler you are a sportsman; but if you merely play cricket, or football, or lawn-tennis, or golf, you are just a player of games. That is very clearly set out in the first paragraph of this book. The author does not say it is his *opinion*; he says it is so. "Sport is the natural recreation of man, and games are only base imitations. . . . Cricket, football, lawn-tennis, or golf are

well enough for those who are not born with a love of hunting."

So Mr. Arthur Gilligan can put that in his cigarette-holder and smoke it. He may



WITH THE NEW EARL OF JERSEY: THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY AND HER CHILDREN. The Earl of Jersey died suddenly the other day. He is succeeded by his elder son, formerly Viscount Grandison, seen in our photograph with his mother, Lady Jersey, and his two sisters, Lady Joan and Lady Ann Child-Villiers, and his younger brother, the Hon. Edward Child-Villiers.

Photograph by Sport and General.

retort by asking what huntsmen do in the summer-time.

Anybody, it seems, can beagle. You may



MISS BARBARA HOFFE MARRIES A GUARDSMAN: MR. THOMAS OAKESHOTT AND HIS BRIDE.

The marriage of Miss Barbara Hoffe to Mr. Oakeshott, Welsh Guards, took place last week, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. Miss Hoffe wore a white velvet dress. She is off to Australia as Mr. Seymour Hicks's leading lady, and is to be accompanied by her husband, who has resigned from the Welsh Guards in order to be able to do so.—*(Photograph by C.N.)*

be too old or too fat to run very much, but you can always stand on a hill and wait for the hare to come round. Hares do that simply to oblige obese gentlemen who would otherwise be out of the running. Another thing you can do, if you want to feel almost like a hunt official, is to shut gates which thoughtless people have left open. I must look more closely into this beagling business. An occasional day of gate-shutting would

rest my brain and do me all the good in the world.

The Height of Hounds.

Well, I think our author asked for a grain of chaff. But he is in dead earnest, and holds especially strong views on the correct height of a beagle. You wouldn't have thought it mattered to an inch or two, but it does. Listen, O Ignorant One of the Long Ears:

"The question of country being settled, the new master will then have to find his hounds, and the first thing he will have to decide is the height he wants them. The Harrier and Beagle Association say that a beagle shall not be over sixteen inches; but if a pack of fifteen-inch hounds cannot kill a hare under ordinary circumstances, they are not worth having. Of course, in a very heavy plough country, a larger and stronger hound is wanted than when it is entirely grass, but fifteen inches should be the limit under any condition."

I have room for only one more extract, but it is a delightful one:

"In a fox-hound kennel it is the usual custom for the huntsman, the whip, or the feeder to sleep next door to the lodging-rooms where he can hear if a fight is started. One huntsman had a speaking-tube with one end at his bedside and the other in the kennel, when a rate from the familiar voice was generally sufficient to quell any disturbance."

Which reminds me of an ingenious lady I knew who used to telephone the mice when they overstepped the limits of good taste at night.

I thank Captain Paget for teaching me so much about beagles, and for making his instruction so interesting. I have laid it all to heart.

"Seraph Wings."

"At the further end of the room sat, or rather reclined—half-lying in a careless attitude with one booted leg swung over the arm-chair while his right elbow, supporting his head, rested on the massive table—a remarkable figure."

"He wore a long soldier's overcoat of a dull green colour, and his head was encircled by a broad scarlet bandeau. His eyes were half closed, and the features of the clean-shaven pale face were so still and reposeful that he might have seemed dead but for the impression of force, mingled with a sense of strain and something of deep thought, that diffused vitality through that sculptured mask."

"This gentleman was Dictator of England, you know, and the place where we find him reclining in a careless attitude was Buckingham Palace! But the job seems to have been a little too much for even this wonder-worker. The last chapter of the book opens thus:

"After dinner the Professor proposed a party of bridge. Austin [that is our Dictator] did not join in, for he did not even know the rules, and in response to the Professor's banter, he said that he wanted something exciting, and so he would sit in a corner and make faces at the carpet."

Thus perish all Dictators.

The Ladies of Lyndon. By Margaret Kennedy. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

Beagles and Beagling. By Captain J. Otho Paget. (Hutchinson; 21s. net.)

Seraph Wings. By Colonel Arthur Lynch. (John Long; 7s. 6d. net.)



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TO H.M. THE KING

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY APPOINTMENT

A MAN may favour a hat possessing an innate reticence as to its years. He would not have it look obviously new when he first wears it; and in its old age would wish it to appear still youthful. The Lincoln Bennett Hand-made Felt is not conspicuously new when bought, yet is apparently young when old. This tact in respect of age goes, of course, with the other virtues which naturally derive from its parentage.



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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Traffic Control. London has now got a Director of Traffic Services, which is quite a new office, and motorists are wondering how its occupant will endeavour to solve the present congestion in certain parts of the popular thoroughfares of the Metropolis. For, familiar as he may be with London conditions, no person is capable of making, by issuing an order, wider streets; and that, after all, is actually London's real need. Strong as motorists may be in their preference for the mechanically propelled vehicle as against the equine

newcomers into motor racing last season. The old favourite, Mr. Thomas's eight-cylinder Leyland, certainly had a companion in Mr. J. E. P. Howey's Leyland; while Mr. H. W. Cook's Vauxhall, "Rouge et Noir," fought many battles with the three-litre Bentley, both finishing off the same mark at the last meeting of the year, in which the Vauxhall got the better of it, as its speed for a flying lap was 103.54 miles per hour; whereas the Bentley's was 102.69 miles per hour; and the speed for a lap with a standing start was 90.12 miles per hour for the Vauxhall, and 85.69 miles per hour for the Bentley—both, as you will notice, swift young things for their three-litre engine capacity. Both the Leylands eventually developed a speed of over 116 miles per hour for their flying lap, and a standing-start speed of about 95 miles per hour for the circuit of the course. The other cars that were to be found constantly on the track during the season were the three Wolseleys, the Aston-Martins, Vandervell's Talbot occasionally, that old warrior the Lorraine-Dietrich, besides the eight-cylinder and six-cylinder Sunbeams. In the smaller cars, the Bugatti, Horstman, Marseal, Bora, A.C., Crouch, Calthorpe, H.E., Itala, and Eric-Longden fought against each other, with sometimes Noble's Deemster as scratch, or else the Bugatti or Horstman;

which were, in the handicapper's opinion at any rate, the fastest 1500 cc. cars in this category. However, when it came to the 200-miles race, the Alvis showed its heels to the best of them; while in the 1100 cc. class, the 7-h.p. Austin certainly covered itself with glory in lapping at about 77 miles per hour. Added to these were Mr. LeChampion's Isotta Fraschini, which could lap at 109 miles per hour, and at 104.19 miles per hour with a standing start, which may perhaps be wise to remember in this coming season. Mr. Philip Rampon's Fiat could whirl round the track at nearly 104½ miles an hour; whereas the Viper did a flying lap at nearly 109 miles per hour at the first meeting of the year on Easter Monday, but was not seen much of during the rest of the season. One of the good performances was that of the six-cylinder A.C. that lapped at 102½ miles per hour at the summer meeting; whereas the fastest time made by an Aston-Martin for a flying lap was 99.81 miles per hour on August Bank Holiday. The twelve-cylinder Sunbeam is certainly the fastest



car at present in this country, as its new one-mile record, which is waiting for the world's recognition by the International Federation of Automobile Clubs, was made at a speed of 137.72 miles per hour; while the two-hours record made by the six-cylinder Sunbeam was at the rate of 97.55 miles per hour. The present ten-miles world record is held by the Leyland, as on the last day of October last year it covered this distance at an average speed of 116.41 miles per hour, and took the coveted palm from the Ballot, made the year previously at the rate of 115.57 miles per hour. Another October performance, too, was made by Cook's 18-h.p. (rated) Vauxhall, which covered the flying half-mile at 109.69 miles per hour, and the full mile at 107.69 miles per hour, which also deprived another French car, the Peugeot, of a record it had held, at a speed of 106 miles per hour, since October 9, 1913. All of which goes to show how speedy our British cars are nowadays, notwithstanding that there are folk who are always ready to bestow all the praise on imported vehicles.

A Napier Aero Film.

Motor manufacturers are preparing for the great Exhibition which will open in the spring at Wembley, for which the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have collected fine specimens. Of course, Napier aero-engines are going to be exhibited, especially as they are the leading power unit in the heavier-than-air machines. In order that the visitor to the British Empire Exhibition can realise the care taken and thought employed in the manufacture of every part of this aeroplane engine, a film has been taken by the Gaumont Company showing the various operations employed in the manufacture of important parts of its construction. Cinematograph representations of working machinery are usually dull affairs;



EXHIBITED AT THE ARGENTINE MOTOR SHOW AT BUENOS AYRES: TWO 20-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CARS.

The two cars shown above were exhibited at the Argentine Motor Show at Buenos Ayres. They are 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis, with open touring and cabriolet bodies. They were built and fitted in the Argentine by local coach-builders. Rolls-Royce cars have always been very popular in South America, and the 20-h.p. model was the chief centre of attraction during the recent show.

equipage, no motorist expects the Director of Traffic Services in London to say that horse-drawn traffic shall not use its streets, which, to my utter surprise, was a suggestion offered the other day by a well-known motorist as a solution of some of the difficulties. There are, however, one or two items—or, one should say, details—which specially deserve incorporating into the rules of the road as applied to London. For instance, no motor vehicle should be allowed to draw up on the kerb of the opposite side of the road to which it is travelling without turning round and pulling up with the near side of the car against the kerb. This rule, simple as it may be, is constantly being contravened in quite crowded thoroughfares—such as Fleet Street, for example—with the consequent disorganisation and general tangle of the traffic when this particular vehicle wishes to start off again. Whereas, if the bonnet of the car had been turned in the direction of the moving traffic in the first place, it would have taken its position in the procession without any trouble, and could have turned round—if wished—at one of the convenient island sites in the road at the earliest opportunity. I hope that my old friend Chief Constable Bassom, who has been promoted to this post, will accept this suggestion of mine and make a law of it as far as London is concerned. I do not suggest that it need apply to side streets where there is little traffic, but in the main arteries.

Speed at Brooklands.

During the 1923 season, regular attendants at the Brooklands Automobile Track at Weybridge could not help but notice how comparatively few were the



TO BE SHOWN AT THE SCOTTISH EXHIBITION: MR. J. M. INGLIS'S 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

H. J. M. Inglis, the East of Scotland agent for D. Napier and Sons, Ltd., will be exhibiting, on his Stand No. 24 at the Scottish Exhibition, one of the latest type of 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Napier motor-carriages, with enclosed-drive limousine body.

and though I would not like to say this film of the Napier is exactly amusing, it certainly is interesting, and gives those who are really interested in mechanical work an opportunity of seeing the works without visiting them. Also this film is lightened by showing these engines actually flying some of the most famous aeroplanes at present extant.



Two Golf Nations and Their Footwork.

By R. Endersby Howard.

The Difference. A golfer who has just returned from a stay of several months in the United States tells me that he has made a discovery. It is that American players are much more restrained than British players in their foot-action on the links. And, indeed, if there is one characteristic more than any other in which the leading golfers of the two nations differ, I think this may be it. We have only to recall the methods of the champions whom we have watched in order to find support



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF SIR HERBERT AND LADY PARSONS: MRS. DOUGLAS GIBSON (MISS EILEEN PARSONS).

Miss Eileen Parsons, whose marriage to Mr. Douglas Gibson took place last week, is the only daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Parsons, of Winton Lodge, S.W.16.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

for the theory that the race which popularised jazz and rag-time, with their stupendous consequences of one-steps and two-steps, is really disposed to be very quiet on its feet.

Trust in Terra-Firma. Take, for instance, Mr. Francis Ouimet, whom most people in this country have come to regard as the best of the present-day American amateurs. I do not know any golfer who—judging by outward appearance—is so modest in his foot-action as Mr. Ouimet. He starts the swing as though he meant to keep both feet flat on the ground from beginning to end of the stroke. As the club goes back, there comes naturally a stage at which he has to raise the left heel in order to allow the body to turn at the hips; but the movement is so limited that it might almost escape notice. The raising of the right heel to facilitate the finish is just as moderate. Never is there the slightest suggestion of a rising on to the toes in the process of

bracing-up for the shot; it is the quintessence of stability in the stance. Mr. Jesse Sweetser has the same trait. Indeed, now I come to think of it, I cannot recollect any member of the American team that beat Britain at St. Andrews last year who displayed the characteristic which is so common in this country—a certain liveliness of foot-action which causes a lift of the body in the upswing.

Temperaments and Feet. The American professionals are just the same in their rigid avoidance of the Spring-Heeled Jack touch. Walter Hagen looks as steady as a rock; the raising of the left heel and, later, of the right is as sparing as in the case of Mr. Ouimet. So, too, in regard to Gene Sarazen. Indeed, this foot-restraint seems to be ingrained in the American constitution. Mr. Jerome Travers possessed it in as marked a degree as anybody, and he can now be described as the leader of a former generation. It may be an attribute of national temperament. Of all the great American golfers, only Mr. "Chick" Evans has exhibited the same freedom of foot-work that one more or less expects to see among the leading British players. I do not mean to suggest that the latter are guilty of pirouetting or any other wildly extravagant action of the feet, but what they do display is a tendency to give freedom to the ankles which results in an elasticity of foot-work that makes the average American look very secure in his stance.

The Gay Way. There is no particular evidence to indicate that the solidarity of the American way is the better principle, although it might be copied with advantage by the tens of thousands of indifferent golfers who rise on to their toes even when playing a stroke which calls for such limitation of foot-work as the mashie shot. In the higher walks of golfing practice, British players have set a standard of skill and brilliancy unexcelled anywhere, and some of the foremost of them have been noted for the liveliness of their foot-movements. Take, for example, the only two who have won, respectively, the amateur and open championships of the United States—Mr. Harold Hilton and Harry Vardon. At their best, nothing in their methods was more attractive to the eye than the emphatic though always graceful manner in which they rose seemingly on to their toes in taking the club back, and came down again as the club descended.

Everything in 1 4-5 Seconds. To be sure, the average mortal who tried to imitate them might come sadly to grief through not timing the rise and fall to perfection. Probably he would be still on his toes as the club reached the ball, or, worse still, he might lurch forward as he took it up and be unable to recover his balance. For the ordinary mortal, stability of stance such as the Americans practise is, no doubt, best. The golf swing is of such brief duration that once the balance goes wrong there is little chance to readjust it. A man experienced in the business recently timed a famous ex-champion's swing with a stopwatch. It worked out at exactly the same for each of six full drives. The up-swing took 1 1-5 sec.; and the down swing—from

the top to the instant of striking the ball—occupied 3-5 sec. Obviously, it is not worth while risking the loss of perfect balance of the body as the club goes up, in the hope that it will return during the down swing, and that risk has to be taken by the average golfer who makes free play with his feet. Still, Mr. Hilton, Vardon, and others have shown us that—in a young player, anyhow—the lively rising on the toes can be a very successful as well as graceful way of bracing up the body for the swing. Even they, however, do not practise it in their veteran days.

Individuality. It seems to be in the temperament of the Briton to allow his feet to twinkle on the links in a degree that does not appeal to the American. And the former, so long as he does not lose his balance through twisting out his heels or toppling forward, does not suffer. Was there ever a golfer who gave greater freedom to his feet than the late Mr. John Graham? And although he did not happen to win a championship—very likely there would have been a different tale to tell in this respect if he had not been killed in action early in the war—anybody who saw much of his golf would rank him among the twelve best amateur players that ever lived. He not only rose



A GLOUCESTER AND ALL-ENGLAND CRICKETER AS GOLF-CLUB SECRETARY: MR. G. L. JESSOP. Mr. Gilbert Jessop, the Gloucester and All-England cricketer, has now become Secretary of the Edgware Golf Club. He is seen taking a putt on the eighteenth green.—[Photograph by Photo Illustrations Co.]

on to his toes as he took the club up; he even seemed to lean forward and, most wonderful of all, perform a kind of Salome wriggle to get himself into position for hitting. And what wonderful shots he did hit.

OLD · TIME · CUSTOMS ·



First Footing One of the best of old-time customs finds favour still in the interesting observance of "First Footing." The "First Foot," or first person to cross the threshold after midnight on December 31st, must be a dark man, and it is essential that the event be honoured in the kind of refreshment most worthy of the occasion.

It's a wise old
custom to

take a peg of
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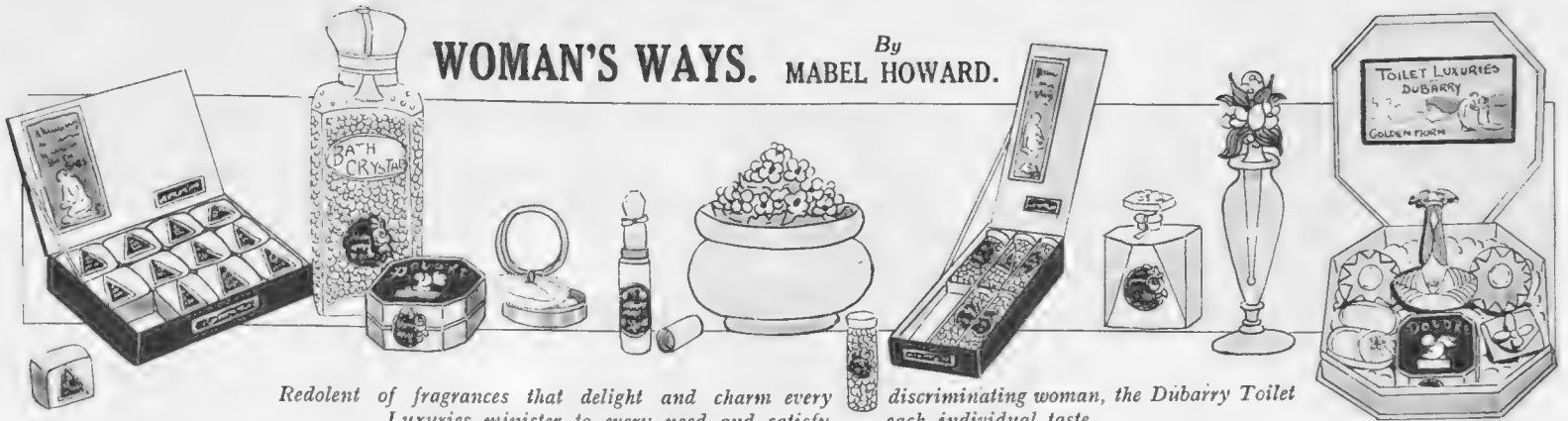


Ski Prints in the
Snow
at Pontresina.

Weather-proof and snow-shedding is this Aquascutum (126, Regent Street, W.) ski-ing suit worn by Mrs. Gossage at Pontresina. The coat is built with a wide wrap-over front, and the practical breeches are cut on military lines.



WOMAN'S WAYS. By MABEL HOWARD.



Redolent of fragrances that delight and charm every discriminating woman, the Dubarry Toilet Luxuries minister to every need and satisfy each individual taste.

Coiffure Ornaments at the Riviera.

Even a flying visit to the Côte d'Azur has its compensations, and never more so than this season, when the brilliant sunshine and scenery are rivalled each night by exquisite toilettes offering a feast of artistic colourings. The diversity of pretty hair ornaments worn by women of every age contributes much to this gay atmosphere; débutantes in diaphanous

clusters of the same lovely floral designs, and worn low on the hips in true Oriental fashion.

For Morning and Afternoon Wear.

No less fascinating are the many different varieties of hats which must be included in everyone's wardrobe. Pictured on this page are a trio of the famous Glenster variety destined to be seen by the gay Mediterranean shores. For bright, sunny days there is the shady hat of rust-coloured Chinese bankok portrayed in the centre, trimmed with georgette to tone, and flaunting a long scarf which can be draped as the wearer desires; while the attractive cloche of black and cerise on the left will defy the strongest breeze. An indispensable possession, also, is the hat of nigger pedal straw and velvet on the right, as it is suitable for all occasions. Distinctive models of black

salons, 38, Sloane Street, S.W., who is making a feature of special ski-ing suits in suède leather, lined velour, comprising a well-tailored coat and knickers or skirt, price 15 guineas; or carried out in velour de laine or proofed gabardine for 12 guineas; while caps to match range from 2 guineas. These outfits can be made to measure, and are obtainable in any colour. Incidentally, an early visit is well worth while, as pretty evening frocks, coats and skirts, and chic French hats can be secured at amazingly low prices owing to the sale which is now in progress, launched in order to make room for a large influx of spring models.

Luxurious Necessities for the Toilet Table.

Frocks, hats, and shoes are important items, I admit, but the fastidious woman invariably looks first in her trunks to make sure that the toilet-table requisites are safely packed. Dubarry, of 81, Brompton Road, S.W., is surely a name to conjure with in the matter of all that is pleasing and fragrant in this respect, and the host of perfumes, powders, and other preparations sketched above anticipate all our needs and suit every pocket. The delicate Poudré Dubarry (price 4s. 9d.) is obtainable in eight different shades, and the perfumes include many favourite varieties such as Golden Morn, Chanson Sans Paroles, etc. Bath-crystals and salts of the same fragrances can be had in bottles ranging from 2s. upwards; and boxes of soap containing twelve large tablets cost only 4s. 6d. Handsome presentation coffrets filled with all the fragrant Golden Morn toilet luxuries can be secured for 35s.—a splendid treasure chest for every traveller. *[Continued overleaf.]*



A pheasant mount of cerise and black adds a piquant note to this becoming Glenster hat of Chinese bankok.

frocks of georgette wear fairy-like chaplets of diamanté-edged leaves made in transparent aerophane, or wreaths of tiny rosebuds composed of softly tinted shell; while many a straight gown of chiffon velvet owes its success to a wonderful metallic coronet of dull gold or gleaming copper. Yet another happy inspiration is a fern-cut tiara of diamanté, tracing the delicate outlines of slender leaves, and standing out in effective relief against a background of dark hair.

The Vogue for the Turban.

The older woman naturally rejoices in the present fashion, which allows her to wear the becoming and distinctive turban-shaped head-dress; and I have seen a bewildering number of fascinating varieties, some of gracefully swathed tissue only, others ornamented with loops of diamanté or boasting magnificent ospreys springing either from the sides or from a jewelled cabochon in the centre, reminiscent of an Indian Rajah's turban. And especially attractive on every occasion is the favourite alliance of a deep band for the hair expressed in richly hued chiffon-velvet flowers with corollas of sparkling diamanté, and a gracefully draped sash of moiré or tissue to match, decorated with



A fascinating Glenster creation is this shady hat of rust-coloured bankok with its soft draperies of georgette which can be arranged according to the whim of the moment.

with wide sailor brims edged with flame tissue, or diminutive affairs of jade straw decorated with clusters of hand-made fruits in artistic pastel shades, are other delightful Glenster creations; and it must be remembered that they can be obtained from all milliners of prestige in shapes and colourings which study every taste. Should any difficulty be experienced, however, application should be made to 14, Great Marlborough Street, W.

A Winter Sports Outfit and a Sale.

A serious rival to the Riviera, however, is the land of winter sports; and the many enthusiasts of this enthralling pastime should visit Del Cott's



A swathe of nigger velvet and copper tissue and a chic "fan" of velvet have been chosen to decorate this attractive Glenster hat of brown pedal straw.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

A Sale of Tailored Coats and Suits.

Every reader should apply without delay for the illustrated catalogue issued by H. J. Nicoll and Co., 114, Regent Street, W., in connection with their sale, which is now in progress, for included therein is a wealth of unique opportunities. The useful double-breasted travelling coat sketched on this page is reduced to 4½ guineas, and single-breasted wraps of similar designs can be obtained for 4 guineas. Perfectly cut coats and skirts of plain or checked tweed have been drastically marked down to £5 5s., and those of velour to 6½ and 7½ guineas—practically half their original cost. Then there are distinctive French models in the shape of fur-trimmed wrap-coats in plain or brocaded velour for 9½ guineas, really exceptional bargains; and the modest sum of 4 guineas secures a graceful coat-frock,



Thoroughly practical for travelling is this well-cut double-breasted coat of fleece, for which H. J. Nicoll's, Regent Street, W., are responsible.

obtainable in many designs and all bearing the unmistakable stamp of the famous Nicoll tailoring.

School Outfits for the Coming Term.

Next week will see every train packed with small people returning to school, and the important problem of their spring term outfits must be speedily solved. Time, trouble, and money—serious considerations in these strenuous days—can always be saved by visiting Gamages, Holborn, E.C., where I saw the pretty school-room frocks pictured on this page. Built of blue gabardine embroidered in Oriental colourings, the one on the right is obtainable for 39s. 6d.; and 42s. 9d. is the price of the



Ready for the spring term are these two attractive maidens dressed in neat blue gabardine, the frock on the left being prettily finished with bugle beads and ciré braid, while the other boasts panels and belt of Oriental embroidery. Sketched at Gamage's, Holborn, E.C.

other, finished with pretty bugle beads and ciré braid. For small maidens of ten, nothing could be more attractive than a practical frock of fine scarlet serge relieved by a white Peter Pan collar and black tie, available for the astonishing sum of 15s. 9d.; and for festive occasions there are pretty frocks of crêpe-de-Chine with wide berthes and loose panels of radium lace, ranging from 31s. 9d. for size 36 in., and obtainable in all colours.

Schoolboy Criticism.

Every schoolboy has to run the gauntlet of his companions' stern inspection of new clothes, and therefore they must needs be chosen as carefully as the débutante's frock or a bride's trousseau. But no youthful critic will deny that outfits from Gamage's are invariably approved of by all; and it should be noted that neat, hard-wearing, three-piece Rugby suits in various grey tweed mixtures can be obtained there for 35s., and warm dressing-gowns of fawn or grey fleece for 21s. 6d.; while soft pyjamas of wool and cotton with the regulation stripes can be secured for 6s. 11d. a pair.

A Sale to be Visited Immediately.

Everything has been reduced to incredibly low prices at Ecirum, 43, South Molton Street, W., who are responsible for the graceful frock of blue and silver tissue pictured on the right. A handsome evening gown of gold and flame brocade has been marked down to 8 guineas; and the modest sum of 5 guineas secures a demure crinoline frock of shell-pink taffeta, prettily tucked, and opening in front on a panel of lace ornamented with rings of tiny rosebuds. Tea-gowns of chiffon velvet ornamented with multi-coloured streamers of georgette are obtainable for 8 guineas, and useful day frocks of velveteen trimmed with fur for 2½ guineas; or for 3½ guineas in crêpe-de-Chine with fichu

and cuffs of georgette. There is a limited number of wonderful model coats of velour, trimmed with fur and lined throughout with silk marocain, available for 17½ guineas each.

A Sale of All-British Creations.


It is indeed splendid news that those lovely chefs-d'œuvre of Isobel, Regent Street, W., have been reduced regardless of cost, and are offered at wonderfully low prices during the January sale, which is now in progress, and will continue until the end of the month. Hats, cloaks, gowns for every occasion, and coats and skirts innumerable—they are all personally designed by the famous artist herself, and no one should miss the splendid opportunity of quickly securing one of these distinctive models, miraculously made accessible to everyone.

Household Requisites at Bargain Prices.

Unique opportunities which must be promptly seized by every housewife are afforded by the sale which is now in progress at Waring and Gillow, 164, Oxford Street, W. There are over 15,000 carpets of all makes and sizes, including seamless Axminsters, reduced to £3 11s. 6d. each, and 5000 pairs of hemstitched sheets marked down from 23s. 6d. to 17s. 9d. a pair.



A graceful study in silver tissue and blue georgette, designed and carried out by Ecirum, 43, South Molton Street, W.



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N^o2.

N^o3.

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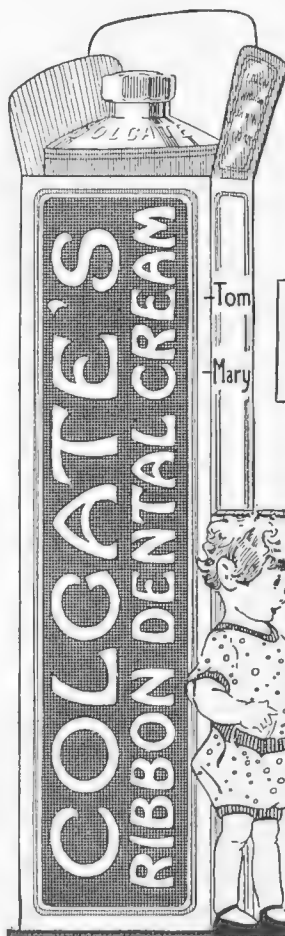
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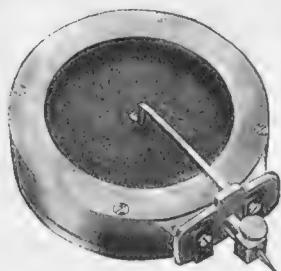
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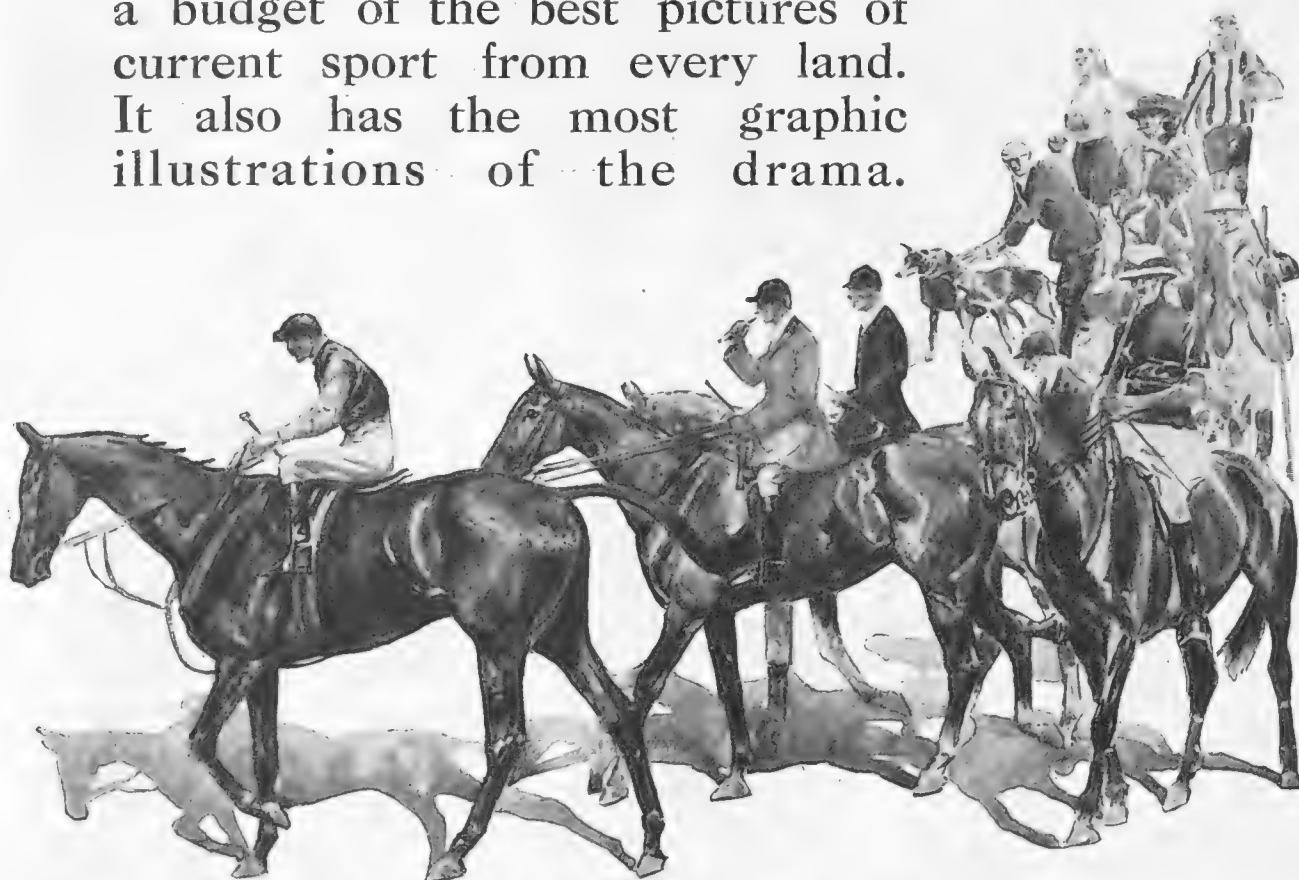
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Sketch Jan. 9.



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THE ADVENTURE OF THE DARTMOOR BUNGALOW.

(Continued from page 77.)

The prisoner was a man of medium height with a somewhat unpleasing cast of features. He looked a gaol-bird if ever a man did.

"Honest to God, I never did it," he whined. "Someone put those little glass figures amongst my traps. It was a frame-up, that's what it was. I went straight to my rooms when I came in, like I said. I never knew a thing till Betsy screeched out. S'welp me, God, I didn't."

Poirot rose.

"If you can't tell me the truth, that is the end of it."

"But, guv'nor—"

"You *did* go into the room—you *did* know your master was dead; and you were just preparing to make a bolt of it when the good Betsy made her terrible discovery."

The man stared at Poirot with a dropped jaw.

"Come now, is it not so? I tell you solemnly—on my word of honour—that to be frank now is your only chance."

"I'll risk it," said the man suddenly. "It was just as you say. I came in, and went straight to the master—and there he was, dead on the floor and blood all round. Then I got the wind up proper. They'd ferret out my record, and for a certainty they'd say it was me as had done him in. My only thought was to get away—at once—before he was found—"

"And the jade figures?"

The man hesitated.

"You see—"

"You took them by a kind of reversion to instinct, as it were? You had heard your master say they were valuable, and you felt you might as well go the whole hog. That I understand. Now answer me this. Was

it the second time that you went into the room that you took the figures?"

"I didn't go in a second time. Once was enough for me."

"You are sure of that?"

"Absolutely certain."

"Good. Now, when did you come out of prison?"

"Two months ago."

"How did you obtain this job?"

"Through one of them Prisoners' Help Societies. Bloke met me when I came out."

"What was he like?"

"Not exactly a parson, but looked like one. Soft black hat and mincing way of talking. Got a broken front tooth. Spectacled chap. Saunders, his name was. Said he hoped I was repentant, and that he'd find me a good post. I went to old Whalley on his recommendation."

Poirot rose once more.

"I thank you. I know all now. Have patience." He paused in the doorway and added: "Saunders gave you a pair of boots, didn't he?"

Grant looked very astonished.

"Why, yes, he did. But how did you know?"

"It is my business to know things," said Poirot gravely.

After a word or two to the Inspector, the three of us went to the White Hart and discussed eggs-and-bacon and Devonshire cider.

"Any elucidations yet?" asked Ingles with a smile.

"Yes, the case is clear enough now; but, see you, I shall have a good deal of difficulty in proving it. Whalley was killed by order of the Big Four—but not by Grant. A very clever man got Grant that post and deliberately planned to make him the scapegoat—an easy matter with Grant's prison record. He gave him a pair of boots, one of two duplicate pairs. The other he kept himself. It was

all so simple. When Grant is out of the house, and Betsy is chatting in the village (which she probably did every day of her life), he drives up wearing the duplicate boots, enters the kitchen, goes through into the living-room, fells the old man with a blow and then cuts his throat. Then he returns to the kitchen, removes the boots, puts on another pair, and, carrying the first pair, goes out to his trap and drives off again."

Ingles looked steadily at Poirot.

"There's a catch in it still. Why did nobody see him?"

"Ah! That is where the cleverness of Number Four—for it *was* Number Four, I am convinced—comes in. Everybody saw him—and yet nobody saw him. You see, he drove up in a butcher's cart!"

I uttered an exclamation.

"The leg of mutton?"

"Exactly, Hastings, the leg of mutton. Everybody swore that no one had been to Granite Bungalow that morning, but nevertheless I found in the larder a leg of mutton, still frozen. It was Monday, so the meat must have been delivered that morning; for if on Saturday, in this hot weather, it would not have remained frozen over Sunday. So someone *had* been to the Bungalow, and a man on whom a trace of blood here and there would attract no attention."

"Damned ingenious!" cried Ingles approvingly.

"Yes, he is clever, Number Four."

"As clever as Hercule Poirot?" I murmured.

My friend threw me a glance of dignified reproach.

"There are some jests that you should not permit yourself, Hastings," he said sententiously. "Have I not saved an innocent man from being sent to the gallows? That is enough for one day." [THE END.]

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We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C2.
—by not later than the first post on February 27, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of *The Sketch*.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXX.

OVER-CALLING THE HAND.

THE other day I met an old friend of mine, with whom in my Army days I used to play a lot of bridge. This friend, if he will forgive my doing so, I may safely describe as a professional player. I said to him "How are things?" "At bridge?" he asked. "Bad." Asked for an explanation, he told me that he no longer found bridge such a good thing—and why? Because players will over-call their cards. Not his partners—oh, no; but his opponents! This, coming from a professional expert, one who works on practice and leaves theory to look after itself, calls for further explanation.

And it came to this—in the good old days of auction, being quite a short time ago, the average player took his opponent's calls lying down: he let it go at that without taking any chance of bidding himself and being left in. He was terrified of a double and terrified of going down; he was terrified of making a call at all without the requisite number of book honours; and more terrified still of what remarks might come from his partner later on. So he kept quiet, and consequently anyone, being a bridge-player of merit, holding a game-going hand, was allowed to play it without interference, and to sail home a winner at leisure. Nowadays, however, game-going hands don't mean going game, not by a long shot; the other fellow won't let you have it for nothing: he's not going to let you play an easy three or four spade or heart call; he will over-call with the necessary number of something else, and you are despoiled of game on that hand, anyhow.

"But surely," I ventured to remark, "all this should be to your advantage. The other fellow won't make his five odd or whatever it may be, and you double and get a nice little

bit top-side to be getting on with. Beyond losing time, I don't see that you lose anything." "Don't you?" he replied. "Try it and see. The loss of time alone is enough; but I wouldn't mind that so much if I was only allowed to get full value out of game-going cards. The hundreds above are no use; it's game and rubber I'm after every time."

Of course I agreed with him; as a matter of fact, I was in agreement with him from the word go—all I was after was a confirmation of my own views from a professional player.

I should say that the most paying proposition in all bridge play is to over-call your hand on occasion. Now, the occasion in my opinion has nothing to do with the particular game you are at work on—it's all the same whether it is the first, middle, or rubber game. I'm not going to try and figure out the mathematics of this; mathematically, it may be better business to save the rubber than the first or second game. I dare say it is; but all the figuring I want for my bridge in this department is that it is three to one on you if you win the first game, and that this three to one drops to even money if opponents take the next game, and that always there is the matter of 250 hanging on to the rubber game. On these indisputable figures I am keen on saving any game, and I don't very much mind which game it is. The occasion I speak of is when the adversary has made a nasty dangerous call with a game look about it, and when you at the same time have a reasonable hope of not being, say, more than three down on the over-call, with a fighting possibility of making your contract, and yet with a further chance of pushing adversary one up, which one may just be one too many for him. In so many words, you must have a gambling chance of pulling off a big thing, with a reasonable card certainty that if the gamble does not work the loss incurred will have been at any rate nearly worth it.

There are two classes of bridge-players who will never win, and who have no right to win—those that won't bid originally when they have biddable hands (you know the class, who wait for somebody else to do the bidding for them), and those who are afraid to bid up against an adverse dangerous bid. There is another class of player who doesn't win much—the fellow who will bid up against an adverse cheap suit call, the man who cannot resist bidding high on four honours when there is really no necessity to call up; but I much prefer this class of player to the one who won't bid at all.

The two greatest principles for the declaration are—bid your hand on biddable cards, and don't wait till you are about three tricks over book standard, and don't be afraid to push opponent on any reasonable card speculation. In other words, plucky bold calling is the winning game all the time.

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 11.

ZX make all the tricks.

This was found to be an easy problem, so far as YZ's play was concerned; but what no solver seemed to spot was that B's discard to trick 1 should be his trump.

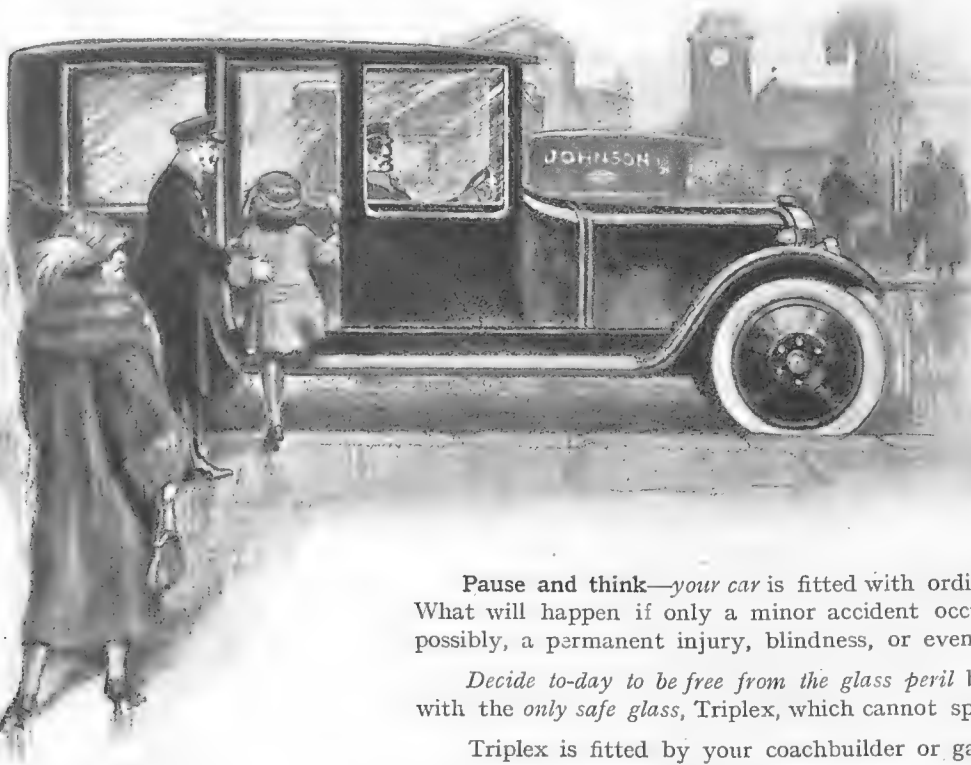
Z, of course, must trump at once—this is the key play, when, if B throws anything except his trump, Y can throw *anything*. But, if B discards his trump, Y must discard his ace of spades, otherwise AB must make a trick.

Correct solutions received from Leo Klin (Miss) Ethel M. Wall, A. T. de Saumarez, Colonel R. F. Godfrey, "Wayside," W. P. McMahon, "Godfather," Louis Samuels, Spencer Cox, Dudley B. Topp, E. Tottenham, L. V. Shrubsall.

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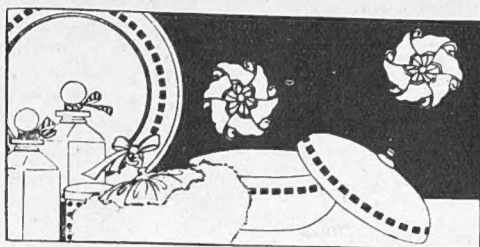
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The pearly-faced ones have a large jar of Pomeroy Skin Food on their dressing-tables, which is used at night. In the daytime a thick but quite invisible layer of Pomeroy Day Cream is protecting their complexions. A powder-puff is useless when you are tumbling about in snowdrifts; but powder is unnecessary if you follow this advice.

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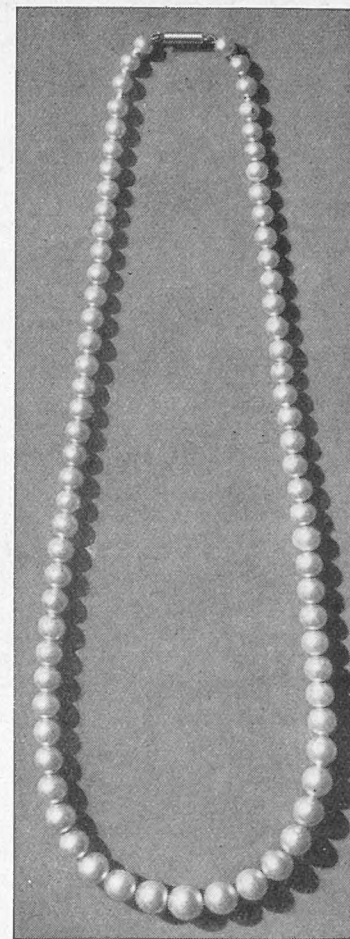
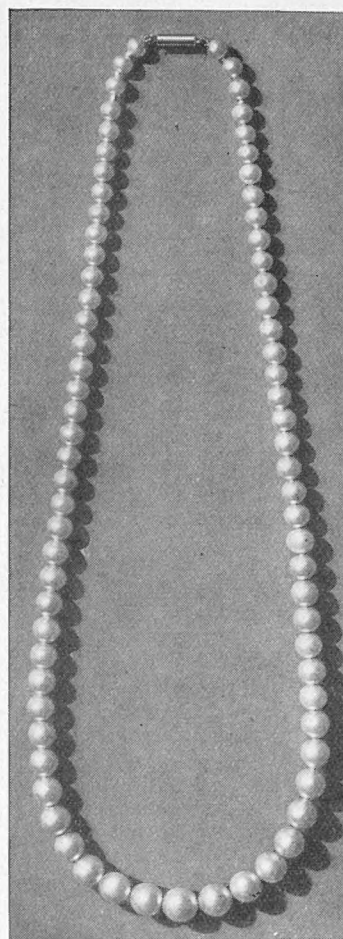
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THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

Christmas and New Year Festivities.

One result of the invasion of Paris by Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Saxon habits is that we get two *réveillons*. We see Christmas in with the French and the New Year with the English. It is one supper more, anyhow; and you can call that an advantage or not, as you please. As for me, I tried to vary the two occasions by being Bohemian in different ways. There are two kinds of Bohemianism—and both are good, as the cynic said when he was asked whether it was better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. In one, evening dress is obligatory, and I kept that one for New Year's Eve and my English and American friends. We supped at Romano's in the Rue Caumartin—no relation to the Roman in the Strand—and we danced there, and at all sorts of other places as well, including Rector's, and the Jardin de Ma Soeur, and l'Ours, the new place in the Rue Daunou, which gave away Teddy Bears to the guests in order to justify its name. We even went all the way to the other side of Paris, to the dear old Bal Bullier, at the top of the Latin Quarter, where we made merry as our grandfathers did before us. Fortunately, New Year's Day is a holiday in France, so we were all of us able to sleep it off comfortably.

On Christmas Eve, on the other hand, I decided to be very French—or, at least, as French as my accent and my self-conscious British temperament would allow. Some of us wanted to go to a jolly, old-fashioned hostelry that we know in Normandy, where we might have had the traditional Norman sucking-pig, and have washed it down with this year's cider, just matured, as well as vintage wines from our host's cellar, stocked two generations ahead, as the habit is in Normandy. But that was out-voted, and

we went instead to the one literary café which is left in Paris. I mean Raoul's, in the little square of the Opéra Comique. Raoul, who used to be manager of the Café Napolitain in its literary days, has gathered round him most of the limited number of journalists who still live the café life. There are not very many, for the trade of journalism is becoming horribly respectable, and the newspaper man now tends to work in palatial offices with marble staircases.

The Réveillon at Raoul's.

However, the old guard at Raoul's is Bohemian in the good old sense of the term, and evening dress at his *réveillon* was purely optional. We assembled at midnight, or as soon after it as the usual latitude which obtains in Paris in the matter of punctuality would allow. Even so, we had to sit around and wait for our supper; and we learnt the reason why when we saw two buxom old ladies from the cookshop round the corner, with handkerchiefs knotted around their perspiring necks, pass through our midst into the kitchen, carrying between them a large roasting-dish, in which sizzled the turkeys which we were to eat later, when we had taken off the edge of our appetites on the black pudding and the white pudding which are also part of the French Christmas tradition.

It was a friendly party. Dancing between the tables began at an early stage of the proceedings, and it was not long before I discovered that a slight delay in serving the next course was produced by the fact that two of the waiters were whirling together around the room, their white napkins floating in the already smoke-laden air. Raoul himself had, indeed, already set the example, with his *chef's* white coat and cap surmounting impeccable dress trousers; and although he inadvertently knocked two glasses of

champagne off the edge of our table in his course, he at once gallantly replaced them by a new bottle.

As the entertainment advanced into the hours of the morning, the dancers, their feet swathed in an accumulation of paper *serpentins*, became more and more original, and several delicious improvised solos were performed. I asked the name of the dancer of the most wildly grotesque, and was told that he was the chief leader-writer, on economic subjects, on the most serious evening paper in Paris. No one noticed any incongruity in the fact, for though much has changed in Paris, that is still typical of its spirit. The whole party was very gay and irresponsible, but you must not suppose it was naughty. I should even say that it was perfectly respectable, if it were not that conscious respectability is a quality which Bohemian journalists would be the first to repudiate—and rightly. I will merely say that it had that familiar intimacy of a festivity of relatives and close friends, such as you can perhaps find in a public place in no town in the world except Paris.

Boîtes de Nuit.

The after-midnight habit is evidently growing on the Paris theatres. Several of them have already opened *boîtes de nuit*, where dancing—alternated with occasional song numbers—takes place after the official programme is over. I understand that the Théâtre Cora Laparcerie and the Théâtre de la Cigale will shortly be added to the number. The Cora Laparcerie *boîte* is to be called Les Mille et Une Nuits, while the one at the Cigale is to be fitted up in what was once the costume store of the theatre. Both will no doubt provide appropriate entertainment for those who can do without their beauty sleep. As for me, I think my two *réveillons* will last me for some time.

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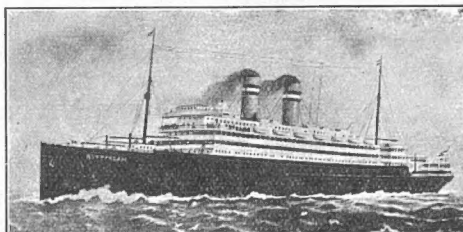
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